



THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLECIAN

March 1936

The St. Joseph's Collegian

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

EDITED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR

BY THE STUDENTS

OF

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

The
St. Joseph's Collegian

March, 1936

Volume XXIV

Number Six

George C. Muresan, Editor

James O'Connor, Business Mgr.

Contents

ARTICLES

Roguery in Literature	Edward Zukoski	265
The Origin of Peterspence	Joseph A. Smolar	276
Determining the Calorie	Joseph Anthamatten	289
St. Joan, Warrior Maiden	Joseph Grevenkamp	290
Some High Spots of the New Deal	John Lochotzki	296

FICTION

Box Supper	John Hoorman	270
Cupid's Dart is Blunt	Richard J. Trame	286

VERSE

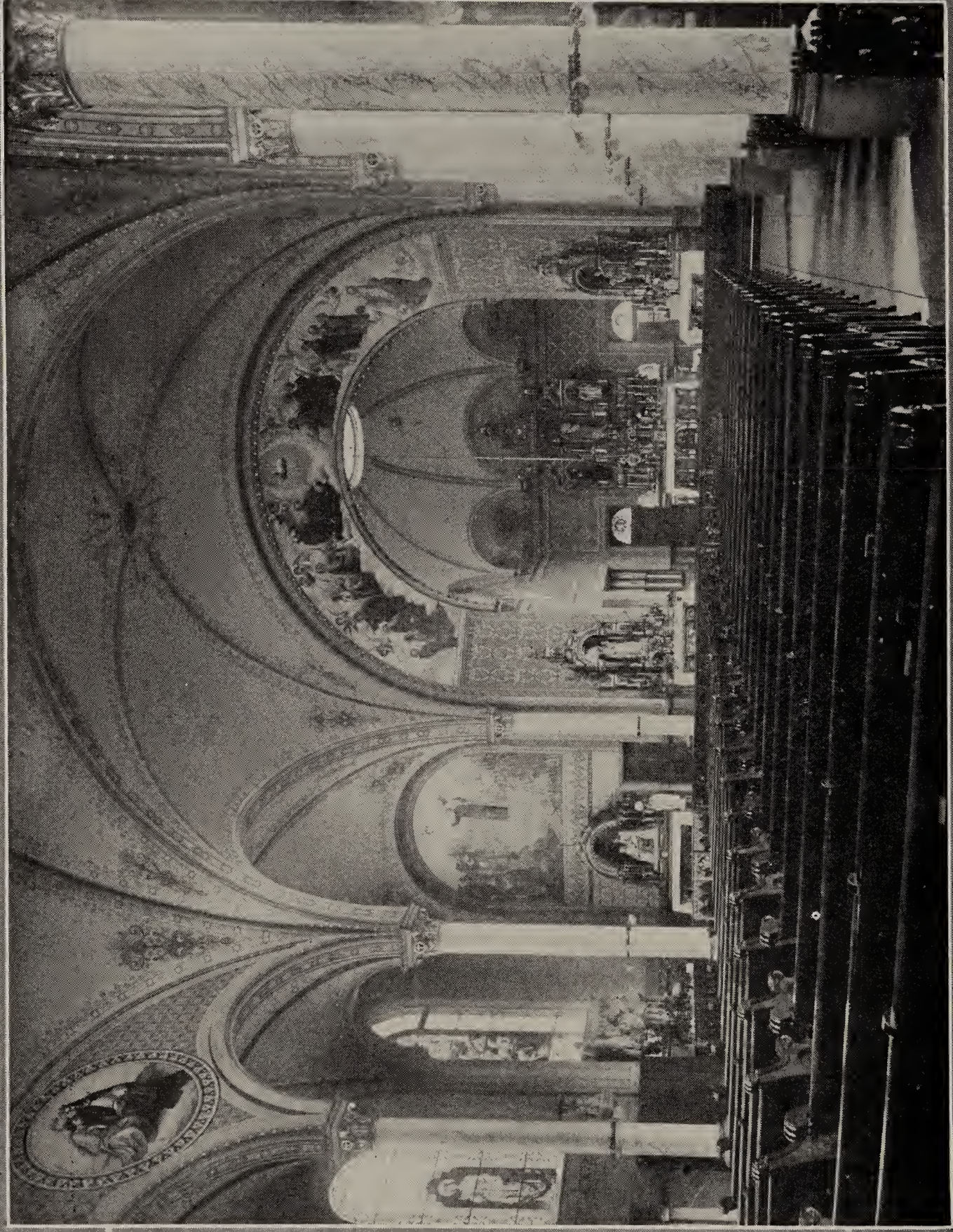
I Hate	Earl Foos	268
The King of Erin	William Callahan	274
Go to Joseph	Werner Verhoff	275
The Unkind Word	James Kelley	279
I Love	Kenneth Couhig	284
Come Zephyr	Edward Gruber	295

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	301
Exchanges	303
Book Shelf	306
Alumni	310
Club News Spotlight	311
In the Shadow of the Towers	314
Sports	320
Humor	327

The Collegian is published monthly during the school year by the students of St. Joseph's College. Contributions are solicited from the students. Subscription rates: yearly, one dollar and fifty cents; single copies, twenty cents.

Entered as Second-Class matter, October 20, 1927, at the Post Office of Collegeville, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1897.



Interior of Chapel

Roguery in Literature

● By Edward Zukowski '36

BE it music, be it literature — when a certain fad is surfeited, the likes of people turn askance and search for something new. As early as 1533, the Spanish people had their fill of the romances of chivalry and of the literature akin to these moonlight stories; hence it was that they turned with delight to a little rugged-covered volume bearing the curious name “Lazarillo de Tormes.” Had “Don Quixote” preceded this racing and impish freak on the stage of letters, likely the freak would have perished in oblivion, but the great Cervantes was hardly seven years old when “Lazarillo” went on a literary rampage. In good measure, this tiny work aided in extinguishing the fading knight-errant stories of the day, though it could hardly deliver so telling a blow to these juicy stories as did the far more powerful “Don Quixote.” Yet it had its swing at the literary fad in vogue at the time, and in a way it accomplished more than the renowned novel of Cervantes, for it carved out for itself a wide acreage in the field of stories by creating what is popularly known as the picaresque novel.

The Nature of “Lazarillo”

Spanish prose productions did not show a wide variety in the middle of the sixteenth century. Trite romances and simple pastorals made up the bulk of light reading matter for those who cared to read at all. So unexpectedly different from these writings was “Lazarillo” that it stirred up a storm of enthusiasm in its homeland and rushed across the boundaries of neighboring countries in numerous translations. Here was reading matter with a realistic flavor, and its spice revived jaded literary appetites like a drug which causes physical hunger. Avidly the public devoured the one hundred and twenty pages of this hilarious tale and derived more satisfaction from perusing its rough-and-tumble antics than from the vapid simperings of the straggling, pointless, chivalric romances which served up nothing beyond the improbable yearning, frettings, and singings of some ill-fated princess.

Certainly, no one possessing any degree of ethical taste would recommend the conduct and character of Lazarillo, and surely the incidents that make up the story were not intended by the work itself as ex-

amples to be followed in practice. The purpose of these incidents does not go further than to amuse the reader, and the reader is, furthermore, expected to have sense enough not to condone the villainous tricks of Lazarillo in social life. The writer himself, Diego de Mendoza, could hardly have entertained any other objective in his work than to present a piece of swaggering humor little better in its nature than a mere fireside story. The personages introduced who served successively as masters to Lazarillo are coarsely lampooned, and the young rogue himself tries every imaginable scheme to outwit them at their own game. The little sketchy piece of writing would furnish excellent material for a modern brickbat-hurling comic strip.

Searching for sense in "Lazarillo de Tormes" would mean the same as looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack. From the opening of the story where the lad is shown as learning from his father, a miller, how to "bleed the sacks of his customers," to the close where he finds himself at the "top of the ladder and enjoys all kinds of good fortune," not a single situation which is truthful or sensible is discoverable. Lazarillo leads a charmed life like that of "Popeye, the sailor," for he bears knock-out blows without noticeable discomfort, and every punishment for roguish misdemeanor brings him an increase of good luck. The reader may as well search for sense in a farce as in the pages of this story, for, in both, sense is equally sacri-

ficed to the desire for exaggeration in settings and incidents. Yet, with all its defects this foolish story served to fix the type for a class of novels that grew to monstrous proportions and came to be just as monstrous in its salaciousness and filth as in bulk. This class has come to be known in letters as the picaresque novel, a name chosen to indicate rogue stories, but the name does not necessarily mean filthy writings — a meaning read into it later on.

"Lazarillo's" Relation to the Picaresque Novel

An old saying has it, "Make yourself an honest man, then you can be sure that there is one rascal less in the world." When there is question of reading for pastime, however, people evidently love to meet with rascals in endless number. At least they seem to enjoy heartily the tricks of any rogue. Diego de Mendoza must have been aware of this popular weakness when he sent Lazarillo on his ingenious skirmishings, but he certainly was not aware that he was sowing the seeds from which a large crop of rascally novels would sprout into existence. Like "Lazarillo" itself, none of these novels offers anything to the reading public that is worth while. A pretense at genuine realism is made in every one of them, but the situations are mostly so badly overdone that unreality is always uppermost. But the excitement stirred up by the rogues and their schemes causes the reader to overlook inconsis-

tencies. The one commendable feature about these stories which deserves mention, is that the hero or heroine generally scores a victory over the rogue, but there are instances when the rogue comes out of the fray happily, despite the saying that a rogue is always a "round-about fool."

In the first half of the eighteenth century, the English novelists, Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett took up the trail blazed by "Lazarillo" and flooded the literary market with their leviathan stories — leviathan because they severally run through a number of volumes — and threatened to drag literary taste down to the lowest ebb by their display of soggy sentiment and their steady use of mischievous pranks. They played the role of poisoners of public taste in letters most successfully and found ready helpers in this nefarious task in the writer of "Gil Blas" in French literature, of "Simplicissimus" in German, of "Dead Souls" in Russian, and of "Arne" in Scandinavian. Naturally, none of these works stands alone in their

native literatures, but serve as a captain for dozens of their kind.

Fortunately, Romanticism hove into view and banked up the flood of picaresque writings. It could not kill the rogue in letters outrightly, but it did expose the emotional barrenness of this slap-stick variety of novel by showing what real imagination and true sentiment are as compared to their counterfeit portrayals. With a return to a healthier taste in letters, the picaresque novel was edged out of first rank, but it never became totally extinct; it even branched out into a new form, namely, in the form of the detective story. Certainly, where detection is necessary, a rogue must be at work, and thus it has happened that the skimpy story of "Lazarillo de Tormes" has projected its influence from the early part of the fifteenth century far into present times. Much like second-rate authors who establish a school, this second-rate novel has a wide and lasting following. A spark may start a conflagration of which the embers die slowly; it was nothing otherwise with "Lazarillo de Tormes."



I Hate

by

Earl Hoos '36

I hate old Winter's snows
That look so fair, but end in slush
And drag disease within their train,
With sorrow both for rich and poor.

If others say that snow is made
Of fleecy flakes
As soft as lambkin's wool,
May they enjoy their odd conceit;
But as for me
I hate the snow,
And only wish that I could go
Where Nature will withhold
Her foolish pranks
That are designed to please
But Laplanders and Eskimos.

I hate the ugly mud
That Spring brings with her rains,
And say, "Begone!" to her
When she would lull me with the thought
That her great thundering inundations
Must take place
To make the rose and lily bloom.

What if there were no flowers at all?
Would I then stand deprived of scents
Declared to be enthralling sweet;
When whale and musk ox will combine
With skunks, as chemists say,
To furnish ravishment in smell
That will outdo the lily's breath
And all the nectar which the rose may shed?
Ah, no, fair Spring,
Hold off with rains and spare the mud!

I hate the heat of Summer's days
That makes me swelter, sweat, and choke
In air that is too hot to breathe;
While gadflies, gnats, and every stinging thing
Must vent their spite
On my poor self,
And that because the heat
Has made these buzzing 'critters' ornery
With hateful friskiness
For which they find but one relief,
And that is torturing human kind.

I H A T E

What if 'tis said
That heat must ripen grain
And thus prepare the food
That makes the dinner table groan
With viands of enticing kind
And keep the wolf from off the door —
When hunger can but starve to death,
While roasting heat
Will surely bring no better end?
I hate the browning Autumn's skies
That rob the earth
Of all that little store of mirth
To which the heart of man may cleave
In hope to find some respite well deserved,
When toil of day is done.

And then, to make things doubly bad,
The frosty nights, now wicked grown,
Will call on hatred's blackest mood
By quickly laying fiery hands
On trees and hills
And on the plains
To leave them stark
Within the folds of greying mists
That swing along in stale monotony
And lengthen out in winding sheets
To wrap about the fainting form
Of what by all is called
The dying year.

Such things as these I hate,
And wish the pain of them
Were spared me right along
Through all the years that I must live.

Since oft it has been said
That man is really then a man
If he can hate —
Can I be blamed for hating
What I've here enumerated?
For, since I may not hate my fellowmen,
I hate such things
As show they are disqualified to wear
What's known
As breeches, skirts, and pantaloons.

Box Supper

● By John Hoorman '36

Tom Borley hoped to land Helen Bert's box at a luncheon fete in order to have occasion for asking an important question. He is fooled by the joker box and is much chagrined at finding himself compelled to feast with the wrong girl.

STIMULATING had been the day for Tom Borley, so stimulating that he had failed to notice its cold beauty. As he drove eastward, he did not observe the shell-pink hue of the snow, so delicately tinted by the setting sun; neither did he see the lowering sky before him, a sky portentous of snow, driving, blasting. How could he? His spirit raced blithely with the joy of a lover going to visit his beloved. That joy, moreover, had been intensified by fortune. The coveted position of manager of the Valleyblue Poultry Farm was almost certain to be his. One qualification remained to be fulfilled. The requirements called for a married man, a condition which he hoped to meet very soon. Even now he was on his way to the girl of his choice, determined to broach the "question."

That night she would surely be at the Box Supper to be held in the

Four-Mile Schoolhouse. While eating lunch with her, he would declare his love. She, of course, could not refuse. When was it known that a comely maid ever refused her lover's request made at a Box Supper?

The anticipated joy of the evening was, however, soon beclouded with doubt for Tom. How would he be able to distinguish Helen Bert's box at the auction? The odds were greatly against his getting her box without any foregoing description of that article. The heartily desired opportunity might slip through his fingers after all. But no! He still had all the time in the world to drive the thirty miles to the schoolhouse before the auction would begin. He would be on time: yet instinctively he pressed harder on the gas in his anxiety about that box.

Suddenly, roused from his reveries by the balky action of his car, Tom noticed for the first time that a powerful wind was driving against him. From the top of a knoll in the road he saw the snow advancing towards him in swirling curtains. At once his jaws set as he fiercely determined to pull through. In a few seconds the storm burst upon him

with all its blinding fury. Caught in the teeth of the storm, Tom slowed his car. Whipping snow through every crack in the body of the car, the wind whined and shrieked like a demon from the nether world. At times it delivered a vicious blast that all but swept the car from the road. Fighting the gale, Tom continued slowly, hoping all the while that the storm would spend itself as suddenly as it came.

The snow, however, continued to fall heavily, and the wind drove it into huge drifts. Thinking of the two miles of low, snow-hidden road that flanked old Pete Smith's farm, Tom felt the chills race up and down his back. That portion of the road had been opened just two days ago and would surely be drifted shut again more deeply than before. This thought put a yellow streak into his courage for a moment, but he bravely refused to despair.

When he turned from the highway at the crossroads, Tom's spirits surged up again. He saw that the little jaunt ahead of him would not be nearly as bad as he had imagined. A bit of ingenious driving would help his car to buck its way through those drifts. He would not be blocked; nothing could block him from arriving at the schoolhouse. In his elated feeling, Tom would be like a gallant knight of old riding his spirited charger in contest to win his lady-love. The snow banks were evil knights that must be ridden down before he could, according to the laws of chivalry, take home his bride.

At his thunderous onset, the first naughty obstruction yielded, and so did the second, the third, and the fourth. But the fifth, scornful of his every assault, would not budge an inch before his four-wheeled steed. Suddenly his engine died. Forced to come right down to practical reality, Tom now realized that he would have to break through the last quarter of a mile of solid snow on foot. Pulling up his coat collar, he began to trudge through the whistling, snow-laden wind; while angry words bounced through his mind because of his bad luck and the haunting idea of his being late for the auction of the boxes.

Badly fatigued he finally stumbled up the walk that led to the schoolhouse. As he opened the door, the nasal jargon of the auctioneer floated out to him. He was too late; the auction had begun. Impatiently he nudged his way through the crowded room, first looking towards the teacher's desk and then at the remaining boxes. As he saw that the bargaining had hardly begun, he began to breathe easier.

Gaining a position of vantage, Tom now began to scan the room eagerly. He must locate Helen before her box would be sold. But he looked in vain. Only strange faces met his searching eyes. Quickly he quit his peering about as he felt that he was embarrassing people with his scrutinizing glances. He could not be at ease, however, as the voice of the auctioneer drove him to nervousness. Perhaps even now Helen's box

was being sold as the words rang out:

"Only twenty-five cents for this beautiful box? Come on, boys! Some pretty one surely made it. Who will make it forty? fifty? sixty? Sold!" The sale hurried along better than expected.

Tom's heart sank, but he quickly consoled himself with the thought that Helen might not be there at all. Still he knew that her brother was at home with her, and likely that lad would not be scared out by any snowstorm when fun was in the offing. Surely that brother of hers would come and bring her with him. Again Tom began his searching. Turning to a by-stander, he began firing questions. Yes, Helen Bert was there and so were all in her family. Surely Helen had brought a box, but, the fellow continued, he had paid little attention to it and could not point it out. Neither did he know where the family was seated. No one seemed to know.

"Thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty —er —er — sold to the dude with the green necktie;" bawled the auctioneer. "Only three more boxes on the desk!"

Beads of cold perspiration formed on Tom's brow. In his anxiety, he searched the room once more. Helen must be there, and he would find her. Forgetting all else, he began worming his way through the crowd. In his wake he left trampled feet, bruised shins, angry men. All the while he heard the auctioneer shouting for a few nickels more on the second last of the boxes. Only

two men were bidding — bachelors, who enjoyed buying a lunch and the pleasure of eating it in company with a young lady.

Tom, who had just made a hurried apology to several muttering men whose corns he had hurt, suddenly felt some one jerking his sleeve. Out came the words:

"Tommie, that's Helen's box. Why aren't you bidding?"

Before the youth, Helen's brother, had finished speaking, Tom was in the arena with the bidding bachelors.

"Forty!" he cried.

"Forty-five!" shouted the bachelors in unison.

"Sixty!" yelled Tom; the fighting blood now coursing through his veins. As the bachelors noticed the ring of triumph in the voice which made that bid, they desisted from further bargaining. Tom received the prize and paid no further attention to the sale of the last box which was in every way as much like the one he bought as one blue ribbon might be like to another.

The auction over, Tom cheerfully went to Helen, took her by the arm and brought her to a school desk.

"I thought you weren't coming," she said with a happy smile. "Thank goodness, you're here so I don't have to endure the silly remarks of those dried-up bachelor Romeos."

"I nearly missed you," grinned Tom. "Here, let's sit down and enjoy the box you sent. I know it's a good one; it comes from you. But I don't want to talk about that, no;

BOX SUPPER

I've something very special to ask you."

"Ask anything you desire. I'm just bubbling over with happiness," answered Helen.

Tom began to stammer, while Helen began to open the box. A cry of astonishment broke from the lips of both as they looked at the contents of that box. Instead of finding dainty sandwiches and delicious feathery cake, they saw nothing but ornamental wax fruit.

"The joker!" they exclaimed together, as they looked at each other in distress.

The joker was so similar in appearance to Helen's box that even she herself had been deceived. It was a practical prank coming from her younger sister.

"Helen, we must now beg our supper, or else be poor sports," declared Tom with misery suffusing his voice. "You know it's the custom at Box Suppers in our neighborhood that the couple which gets the joker must play the boobs and go begging for eats until the real box is found. Worse than that, remember, if the girl hits on her own box first in this begging round, she must eat with the young man who has it, and in exchange for her, that fellow must give up his girl. Go slowly now and give me a chance to get your box."

Without replying to Tom's instructions, Helen took the top of the joker box; Tom took the bottom. They started on their begging round amid the jeer and laughter of the crowd. To make things extra difficult for the two beggars, the swains

and lasses gleefully concealed the markings on their boxes. Helen took the jibes and jeers good-naturedly, while Tom was secretly fighting down his anger. He had to bear the brunt of the charge because he had stepped on people's toes so viciously while he was searching for Helen in the early part of the evening.

Though Helen was moving along as slowly as she possibly could in this begging affair, she found her box all too quickly. An ungainly lad from a grimy place known as Larson's Hollow and a mouse-like girl had it. Amid the laughter and shouts of the crowd, Helen and Tom had to exchange partners. Tom, flushed, chagrined, and vexed, shuffled up to the side of his new girl. Helen bit her coral lips in dismay, while the lad grinned at her idiotically and clumsily clutched her fancy box. "Come to a seat," she snapped at him in accents that showed her to be a vortex of seething emotion. In a daze, Tom eyed the retreating pair. His world had crashed. On that evening he had hoped to enjoy a pleasant conversation with Helen and in the course of a tete-a-tete, he would place the question which was expected to seal his happiness for all years to come. Now a foolish trick had spoiled it all for him. He must continue to live in anxiety until a new chance would offer better luck.

"Please, sit down," invited the mouse-like girl in a simpering voice. Tom hated simpering, but hated that girl more, and most of all did he hate to eat the supper with her

which he and Helen had begged. Ungraciously he sank into a seat beside her, silent. Although the hard trip through the cold had made him ravenously hungry, the events of the past half hour had killed his appetite completely.

"Do have a sweet pickle," the girl ventured in more sugary simpering.

Tom could have murdered her. Savagely he bit into the pickle. It was sour, and its sourness literally wrenched his mouth when he felt that good manners demanded that he must escort that mouse-like girl to her home in grimy Lawson's Hollow, and that on such a night.

The King of Erin

by

William Callahan '37

A King of a nation is he,
Of a nation which has no king.
Of a people, who, harassed four centuries long,
To him as kind monarch, despairingly cling;
To him, as their refuge, their guard, and their guide
Their mournful keens and hopes they bring
— To this ruler of Erin.

His martial song is a peaceful prayer:
His royal watch, the Angels fair —
To his heavenly visions, none earthly compare;
But in all his joys he forgets not Kildare,
Nor leaves from his mind his memory of Clare,
Nor the ribaldry, e'en of a Castletown fair,
— For he's the ruler of Erin.

And what is his title, and where is his throne?
His title is Saint, and Patrick his name:
'Tis on living throne of emerald green
That he rules on his height, to sight unseen;
But in Irish hearts, he reigns alone
From mountainous Kerry to the plains of Athlone,
— For he's the king of all Erin.

Yes, he's king of a nation,
Of a nation without a king;
But wields he more power in Irish hearts,
Than all the power which courts could bring:
With his, "Erin go bragh,"
But God over all!
He'll still hold sway when empires fall,
— For he's St. Patrick of Erin.



Go to Joseph

by

Werner Verhoff '37

Go to Joseph, soul in sorrow,
He has balm for every ill;
Seek his help today, tomorrow,
He will harken to thy will.

Go to Joseph, conscience sinful,
Burning with the guilt of shame;
He will be thy guide most faithful
To sweet hope in Jesus name.

Go to Joseph when in suffering,
He will dry thy bitter tears;
He will stop the pain that's fluttering
In thy heart so full of fears.

Go to Joseph in thy labor;
He will lend a friendly hand;
Never was there any neighbor
Found more ready at demand.

Go to Joseph in thy pleasures;
Pray that they may be secure;
He will lend thee heaven's treasures
If thy heart is true and pure.

Go to Joseph, Foster-father,
Of thy Savior, Christ Divine;
Speak to him as to a father,
For his love is ever thine.



The Origin of Peterspence

● By Joseph A. Smolar '36

DURING that period of time called the Middle Ages, many laudable customs were introduced into the framework of life by pious Catholic secular rulers. Many of these customs have passed into oblivion as advancing years brought on changes. From among these customs one in particular, though it is old and secular in origin, has remained, namely, the offering known as Peterspence. People in general will hardly suppose that this Pence is, as it always has been from its beginning, a free-will offering to support the Holy Father, the Pope, and, further than that, to support the mighty projects which he has in mind for the good of Christendom. But a free-will offering it is and, as such, has nothing to do with other revenues which at one time or other belonged to the Holy See by virtue of feudal grants, or that come to it now in the form of grants or taxes. It so happened, however, as history shows, that at times the Popes found it necessary to encourage the payment of the Pence because unsettled conditions among nations prevented the payment of established revenues, but there was never any formal demand made by

the Holy See that the Pence must be paid as an obligation, though this was done under other auspices. In itself the Pence has always remained the mildest form of contribution to one of the noblest purposes imaginable.

The Beginning of the Pence

As with most customs so it is with regard to the beginning of the Peterspence; a clearly definite date cannot be assigned to its inception. That it made its start in England at the time when the old Anglo-Saxon Heptarchy was slowly dissolving is known for certain, yet the old names for the Pence, "Romescot," or "Romefeoh," names which clearly betray their Saxon parentage, add nothing towards establishing a definite clue for the beginning of the practice which they represent. Whatever else may have been done in England at an earlier date respecting the payment of Peterspence, the first known instance of its payment is attributed to King Ethelwulf of Wessex. In fact many historians regard this King as the originator of the Pence. It is known that he made a pilgrimage to Rome in 855 in company with his son, who

THE ORIGIN OF PETERSPENCE

later came to be Alfred the Great. They remained in Rome on this pilgrimage for half a year, and while there, King Ethelwulf observed that the Pope was poorly served, and that the tomb of the Apostles, Sts. Peter and Paul, was poorly lighted. To remedy this condition at the center of Christendom, the King of his own accord promised to pay annually the sum of two hundred and twenty dollars to the Holy See. One third of this sum was intended for the support of the Pope; the remaining two-thirds were to be used to provide lights at the tomb of the Apostles. That Alfred, a youth of pious disposition, fully concurred with his father in making this promise may readily be imagined, for he continued the practice even under grave difficulties when he came to the throne.

During the reign of King Alfred, mention is first made of levying a penny on every householder who owned land to assist in defraying this sum to be paid annually to the Pope; hence the name, Peterspence. Alfred could not have paid this sum out of his royal income in spite of his best intentions, for, during the early years of his reign, he was little better than a fugitive and a beggar due to the unintermittent war with the Danish invaders, and later on, his projects for securing the means of a general education for his subjects kept him personally among the ranks of the poor. His splendid example, however, in holding to the solemn promise made by his father to give assistance to the

Pope induced his successors on the throne to pay the Peterspence for scores of years.

Neglecting the Pence

Though it is evident from the intention of King Ethelwulf — an intention fortified by a solemn promise — that the stipulated sum should be paid to the Holy See annually by the English realm, yet it so happened in the course of years that for long periods of time the payment was utterly forgotten or wilfully neglected. Thus from 1037-1074 no payment of the Pence was made. This suspension of payment is all the more astounding because a king ruled during the major part of these years who was in every respect an equal to Alfred the Great in piety if not in efficiency, namely, the saintly Edward the Confessor. An excuse may be offered for Edward's defaulting in this important obligation because he had to live in exile during the years of his youth, as Sweng and Knut of Denmark, together with the worthless sons of Knut, kept him from the throne of his fathers. Moreover, during this exile, Edward spent his days at the court of Duke Robert the Devil in France, a prince whose cognomen sufficiently indicates that he never thought of Peterspence. Consequently Edward never learned about the pious promise made by his remote ancestor on the throne of England, King Ethelwulf.

Following the death of Edward the Confessor in 1066, William, Duke of Normandy, the son of Duke

Robert the Devil, came to the English throne by winning the battle of Hastings. Being a man as sincerely honest as he was rough, William, upon being informed of the obligation freely assumed by the English kings, resumed the payment of the Peterspence in 1074, and more than that, he even collected the entire amount accruing during the past fifty years and sent it to the Pope.

That King John Lackland would be remiss in paying Peterspence was to be expected, but he made up for his indifference by becoming a vassal of the Pope and by paying a yearly feudal tax for his crown. This tax naturally was no longer a free-will offering and does not really fall in line with the nature of the Pence. Whether or not the Pence as such was ever paid during his reign is not clear from the records of history. It is, however, a matter of record that the Pence lapsed and revived over and over under John's successors until it was finally abolished by Henry VIII. True, Queen Mary sought to revive the payment of the Pence once more, but with her death in 1558, the Pence, as far as England is concerned, died out altogether, unless the contributions of individual Catholics be excepted.

From England to Other Countries

In Scandinavian countries the payment of Peterspence began in the early part of the eleventh century. Evidently the custom spread to these countries from England because for some time she came to be a member of the shortlived Scandi-

navian Empire. It is said that in these northern European lands the penny per householder was paid most willingly. In southern European countries, however, there is endless confusion between Peterspence and feudal dues owed to the Papacy. Naturally in the very strongholds of Feudalism, France and Germany, the practice of paying a special Pence to the Pope never obtained a footing as the regular feudal dues were deemed sufficient.

With the rise of religious disturbances in the sixteenth century, the payment of Peterspence through the agency of governments ceased. Gradually it devolved upon the Bishops to call for a collection in the name of Peterspence and to send the amount received to Rome. In certain countries, such as Austria and France, the gathering of this Pence was taken over by certain pious confraternities which exist down to the present time. Under the care of the Bishops and with the aid of the pious confraternities, the management of the Peterspence has proved far more successful ever since 1860 than at any other period of its existence. Even at its best, it is deeply regrettable that the Pence is not far larger in amount than it happens to be, for its purpose is not merely the support of the Holy Father in his personal needs, but rather to support him in carrying out the vast projects for the good of Christendom which fall to his charge. These projects are numerous, positively necessary, and their nature is fully understood only by

THE ORIGIN OF PETERSPENCE

the Holy Father himself.

It is sad to recall that the Catholic Church has been robbed of far more property than has ever come to her through the hands of secular governments. May no government, therefore, throughout the world presume to complain that at any time the Peterspence was a burden. The fact is that if there were only an elementary sense of justice towards the Church in the make-up of the greater number of modern secular governments, they would find themselves in duty bound to pay a heavy Peterspence for ages to come in order to balance their accounts with the Church. Likely there is no rugged honesty to be found anywhere

at the present time to match that of William the Conqueror when there is question of dealing justly with the Catholic Church, for the secular governments of the modern kind will always trouble themselves more about balancing their budgets than about balancing the scale-pans of justice towards that great Church upon which many among them have not hesitated to lay despoiling hands. We, however, as Catholics shall continue to pay the Peterspence most willingly in order to support the Holy Father and the vast projects which he so ardently cherishes for the good of the Christian world.

The Unkind Word

by

James Kelley '37

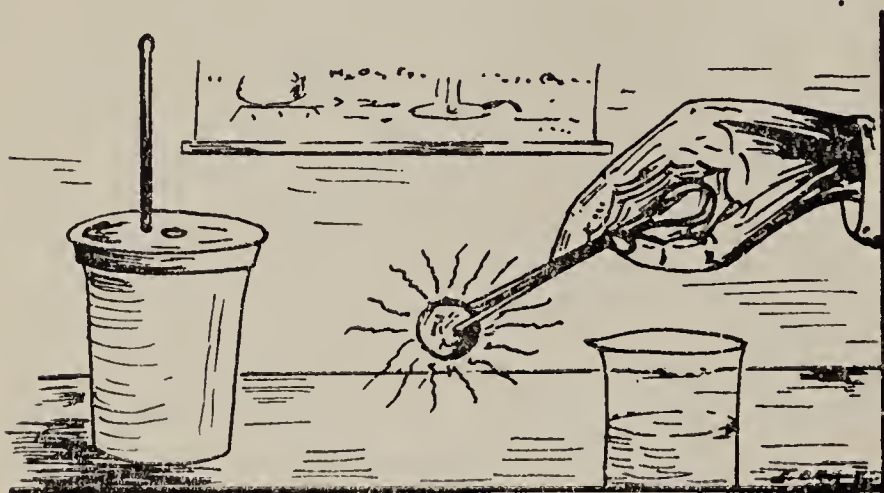
A wish is seldom spent in vain
When words are not unkind,
But the cutting word
Is like a sword
That kills the cheerful mind.

Though man may case himself in steel
And brave the meanest stakes,
There is one dread shaft
Of cunning craft
Before which armor breaks.

This shaft makes ever-festering wounds,
No skill nor art can cure,
It comes as a dart
And smites the heart
With pain that will endure.

This dart is but a fleeting word
Which seems devoid of meaning,
But it stabs the brave
And digs a grave
Where first sweet joy was beaming.

Determining the Calorie



By Joseph Anthamatten '37

THE real test to be applied to any scientific hypothesis is found not in the question, 'Is it true?' but rather in the other and quite different question, 'Is it useful?' "Science knows nothing of the absolute truth." Thus writes A. A. Knowlton in his recently published book on physics. With this idea of Doctor Knowlton in mind, I shall sketch in broad outlines the tireless experimenting that was required to determine the unit of heat, the calorie. What I have to say about this matter cannot be anything new to an advanced student of physics, but it is new and interesting to every one who opens a book on this subject for the first time in his life, just as it may be new and interesting to discover that not even the laws of physical science as stated in text books are unchangeably stabilized.

Early Theories about Heat

Leaving aside all the stories of ancient Prometheus, who represent-

ed the idea of heat in poetic fashion, I shall merely emphasize that heat was an enigma to people on this earth for ages upon ages. The enigma is hardly solved today, at least there is no satisfying finality in the solutions offered. Furthermore, no scientist of the present day would be bold enough to say that final solution to the enigma will ever be forthcoming. Heat is one of the imponderables and as such can only be dealt with indirectly, and where indirection obtains, there is wide latitude for error. It is not at all a wonder then that in early times people regarded heat as a phenomenon closely akin to a standing miracle.

The first puzzling quality of heat was its way of transmission. It seemed to pour itself from one body into another without any visible means of transfer. Like a fluid it diminished in one body in direct proportion as it increased in the other. Still more puzzling was the

fact that bodies increased in volume upon receiving heat, but did not become heavier on that account. What could this mysterious element be which evidently occupied space but had no weight? That it must be a fluid appeared certain; but that it should have no weight as a fluid was a brain-racking conundrum. Under prevailing conditions the only solution of the riddle in the language of the schools in those early times was to speak of heat as a weightless fluid and to name it "caloric" for convenience.

Another riddle about this fluid, heat, was its tendency to reside in certain bodies longer than in others as if loath to leave them, and then again to rise rapidly in particular substances only to flow out of them with great rapidity. Furthermore, it proved to control the state of any given substance as to whether that substance should be solid, liquid or gaseous, accordingly as it happened to be present in a larger or smaller quantity. Then, to cap the climax of all puzzling tricks, it showed its power to transmute substances from one kind into another by the process of burning, if only enough of it was permitted to gather in any one body to cause fire. With all these problems people wrestled for ages in a serious attempt to solve the enigma of heat and to understand the nature of this mysterious element. Gradually it was decided to devise some means of measuring this fluid, but, being invisible and imponderable, known measures would not serve the purpose. Only by indirection could

this problem be approached, and this process led to some curious experiments.

Early Attempts at Measuring Heat

If a body losing heat would also have lost weight, a measure for heat could have been established easily on the basis of the fluid theory, but observation proved conclusively that no loss of weight ever occurred when heat was lost. Similarly, if all bodies had increased in volume in the same proportion, it would have facilitated inventing a practical measurement on the ground of the same theory. No measurement, however, could be constructed on more or less quantity, or on greater or less volume. That a unit of expansion or increase in volume should have been adopted, as was done later, did not strike early investigators. They earnestly hoped to find a measurement in the loss and gain of the heat fluid itself. They knew that if two sticks of wood were rubbed together long enough heat would result. The same result could be obtained, so they found, by drilling holes into portions of matter or by hammering them. In every case heat would increase as material was lost or removed; hence they concluded that the amount of material lost or removed from a body by vigorous action would serve as a measurement for the heat generated. All that was necessary, so they fondly hoped, was to weigh the material lost by abrasion, boring, or hammering, and a measurement for the increase or de-

crease in the heat fluid could be established.

Accordingly shavings from wood, curling ribbons made by augers, iron filings, dust obtained by friction and abrasion were carefully weighed by experimenters with the idea in mind that equal quantities of matter removed by any action in any and all cases would represent a definite quantity of heat fluid as either gained or lost. The method seemed so plausible that it was introduced into books on physics as late as the middle of the last century. The idea or method was not so far awry, for it involved the elements that were found necessary later on to devise a generally acceptable measurement of heat. If only a definite quantity of some particular matter, a definite quantity of heat, and a definite amount of work had been associated in making a unit for measurement by the early experimenters, their difficulties in dealing with the heat problem would have been largely solved. As things stood, however, they were far away from reaching any practical results in their work, for it was soon demonstrated by experiment that enormous quantities of heat could be obtained, while only an insignificant amount of material might be lost by abrasion or by any other process. Count Rumford (Benjamin Thompson, an American) had given proof of this fact as early as 1798, but popular prejudice against the personal reputation of the Count, who had played traitor to his country in the American War for Independence, pre-

vented his experiments from receiving due recognition at the time. He had, however, given the death blow to the old theories about heat, and it soon became plain that a new line of attack had to be launched against the action of this puzzling element.

Long before these experiments were undertaken to determine the nature of heat from a standpoint of cause and effect, Galileo had invented a crude thermometer. It required two hundred years from his day onward to perfect this instrument and reduce it to convenient use. The Frenchman, Jean Rey, the German, Fahrenheit, and later the astronomer, Celsius, in turn almost worked themselves into mental distraction in order to give the thermometer standard form and reliable action. No one, however, who was investigating the nature of heat at the time even remotely suspected that the thermometer would necessarily enter into the calculations, and that for the reason that a distinction had not been made between temperature and quantity of heat. The thermometer, however, aided in pointing out the way to this distinction.

Once it was discovered that two bodies could have the same temperature but unequal amounts of heat, and again equal quantities of heat but different temperatures, the nature of this fluid, heat, could more easily be studied. What became clear now was that a constant or standard of comparison for the quantity of the heat fluid in different

DETERMINING THE CALORIE

bodies had to be chosen. The British brewer, Joule, as a young man in 1847 published his opinions coupled with demonstrations on the nature of heat and with the help of Lord Kelvin excited the suspicion that heat is no fluid at all. Joule and Kelvin showed that heat caused in a body is proportionate to the work done on that body; that instead of being a fluid, it likely was nothing else than transmuted work or motion. This work or motion producing heat was very soon named energy, and before this name and what it implies, the theory that heat is a fluid vanished altogether. Joule had emphasized the idea and had proved it by experiment that "to produce one unit of heat a fixed number of units of mechanical work had to be done." Since he had carried out his experiment by expending mechanical energy on water, the proper measurement of heat in units was readily determined by designating one gram of water raised to one degree centigrade as the common standard. This standard

of measurement received the name, calorie, a name which is all that remains of the old idea that heat was a fluid called caloric. Not only because heat as a fluid baffled all measurement, but also because heat, as the energy of molecules in motion, can be transmitted by ether vibrations, did the old idea have to give way. That ether vibrations likely belong to the nature of heat is sufficiently evident from the fact that heat like light may be transmitted in a vacuum with only this distinction that heat waves are invisible.

How long the idea of heat as at present accepted, together with its established unit of measurement, will hold ground depends upon future experiments and investigation. The old enigma may not be fully solved even now. Science, at least, will not accept the present solution as absolutely conclusive, for science states nothing as an absolute truth, but is merely ready to employ for its own ends what is workable and useful.



I Love

by

Kenneth Coughig '37

I love the spray of future years
Which hails from realms unknown
And bathes my face with radiant hopes,
As now I'm standing at the prow
Of youth's good ship
And watch it plow through waves of time
And hold its course to shores of joy.

I love the thoughts that lie ahead
And carry greatness in their store,
For out of them my mind will build
Such masonry of solid worth
As well may stand like glorious monument
To years of toil through which I lived,
And into which I peered with gleaming eyes
In constant fear
That Fate might clank its prison bars
Upon my coming days
And stop the restless, racing march of time.

I love the noble deed which comes
From human hands and causes pleasant smiles
To play about the lips of those
Whom need has pinched until on sallow cheek
And in the sunken eye
Despair has traced its ugly scrawl
In blackened lines
Which kindness bred in human heart alone
May thoroughly erase.

I love to read the thoughts of old
That have the flavored tang of age
And tell me true how people lived
When Heaven's works were in their prime.
'Tis then I see that man was just the same
Though all he wrote was runes
On stones or walls of caves
And that his aspirations were like those

I LOVE

Which Homer sang, or Vergil phrased,
And well like those
Which Dante conned, or Shakespeare craved;
Nor can one think them otherwise
Than those which Chesterton or Masefield
Speak today.

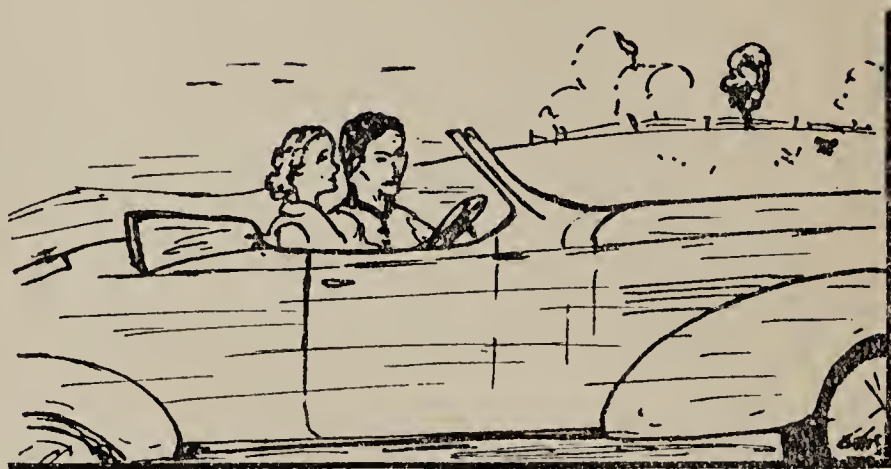
I love the heroes who are dead
And sense their woes and their delights
From pages where embalmed their memory lies;
Be it Miltiades who kept quite safe
What civilization in his day had wrought,
Or be it Scipio who fought for Rome
On Zama's field; or be it Charlemagne
With Bohemond and Godfrey, Tancred and the rest
Who sought to purge out pagan foulness
From that land
Where once our Savior lived and died.

I love those who have walked with Christ
Two thousand years ago,
And all who in those early times
Have gained the martyr's crown
Or sainthood's spotless robes.
And surely those I love who in the present day
Devote themselves to those great works
That show what Christian life implies,
For by these works they teach
This grimy world of sin
Where truth and justice lie,
And what it means for man to work
That he may reach the joys
That wait for him in Paradise.

Cupid's Dart is Blunt

● By Richard J. Trame '36

Nursing in a hospital displaces the love of romance in the mind of Clara Fromart. Charles Bartele, her friend, is sorely disappointed when Clara makes it known to him that she has decided to enter the convent.



"Well, Sis, where to from here?"

AMID the lengthening shadows of a weeping willow, Charles Bartele and Clara Fromart were held enthralled by the quixotic world of romance as embodied in a halcyon June night when nature with all its influence speaks of love and devotion.

Drawing his eyes from the enchanting moon Charles said softly, "Clara, dear, the thought of your leaving has robbed me of the very words I wish to say. Instead of being jovial and contented your departure seems to overshadow everything."

"But, Charles, we needn't be unhappy. You can visit me anytime you wish, for I'm going only seventy-five miles away."

"I know, but that won't be like this because you have to retire every night at ten o'clock, while you're in training. How can we go any place in that time?" interposed Charles.

Playfully ruffling his thick wavy hair Clara answered, "Little boys and girls like us should be in bed by that time anyway."

Since Clara's mind was either far from being in accord with his, or she was simply teasing him, Charles refrained from refuting the validity of her statement. What was in her mind he did not know, and by clever finesse she prevented him from finding out.

Sensing Charles' disquietude, Clara said, "Come on dear, don't fall asleep out here. I think we had better return home. This romantic setting seems to do strange things to you."

"Need we leave so soon?" he questioned, trying to gain time in order to summon sufficient nerve to propose.

"Yes, Charles. I still have some packing to do!"

Reluctantly Charles arose and courteously assisted Clara to her

feet. Her nearness almost proved a fatal temptation, but with a hurried step he started toward the car. The look in Clara's eyes plainly told him that she knew how near had been the moment, when by a single action Charles would have shown what he so ardently longed to put into words.

The entire drive to the Fromart cottage was made in a thoughtful silence, for both were busy trying to fathom that invisible yet powerful faculty that seemed to be slowly gathering them into its inevitable grasp.

Surprisedly, Mrs. Fromart asked, "Home already?"

"Huh hum. I still have some packing to do. I seriously doubt whether I'll ever get my things together," answered Clara lightly.

While the two women finished packing, John Fromart and Charles sat in the parlor discussing the salient political questions of the day. Mr. Fromart had to carry most of the conversation, for Charles' mind was lost in a far distant land of distracting possibilities.

Finally realizing this, Mr. Fromart said, "Come, my boy, you need not feel so blue. After a few months of hospital work Clara will be perfectly content to return home and become your wife. This course in nursing is just one of her fleeting fancies."

Quickly shifting into an attentive position Charles asked hopefully, "Do you really believe she feels that way toward me?"

"I'm positive, my boy. She is

somewhat younger than you and consequently not so serious-minded."

"I believe you're right, Mr. Fromart. Maybe I should snap out of it."

After a light midnight lunch Charles left, feeling greatly relieved because of Mr. Fromart's encouraging words. Before leaving he promised Clara that on the morrow he would call to drive her to St. Anthony's Hospital, where she was to begin her training.

Clara's leaving was a tearful one, for between Mrs. Fromart and her daughter there existed strong bonds of love and comradeship, which for the first time were being severed. Owing to this, the forepart of the journey was made in silence, while Clara's heart, heavy with tears, gave vent to its sorrow.

"I suppose you are anxious to begin your work and learn what nursing is all about," ventured Charles tactfully.

Hurriedly brushing a tear from her eyes, Clara answered, "Yes, I really am, but it is terribly hard to leave home."

"I'll bring your parents up to see you next Sunday, so that you won't have time to miss them."

"Oh, thank you, Charles. Without you my life would be simply empty, but with you it seems to be one enjoyable sunlit day."

"Clara — you mean you — that you really care for me and will marry me after all?" gasped Charles incredulously.

Tenderly laying her hand on his

arm Clara answered slowly and carefully, "Yes, Charles, I do care for you, but not enough to become your wife, at least not right away. To be honest, I'm not sure which I prefer — you or my work. So, Charles, I ask you to give me a month in which to make up my mind, will you?"

"Certainly, Clara, just as long as you care for me, I'm satisfied," he answered happily.

"Thank you, Charles. I was rather afraid you would not see it in the same light as I did, but now everything will turn out all right for both. Now please don't mention this to anyone, not even to Father and Mother."

"Just as you say — darling."

"Now, not that. I haven't said yes yet," teased Clara.

"But you will."

"Why, you conceited man. Maybe I'll fool you."

Soon Charles' little roadster sped onto the spacious hospital grounds. Having registered and found her room, Clara bade Charles good-bye. "Now, dear, take good care of yourself and be sure to write, for I'll be terribly lonesome," said Clara, her eyes becoming dim with tears.

"Certainly, Clara, I'll write to you about the middle of the week and tell you how everything is going. Maybe I'll also mention a few things I haven't nerve enough to tell you now."

Blushing beautifully she entreated, "Tell me just one thing now, please."

Tenderly gathering her into his muscular arms he whispered softly

into her ear, "I love you, Clara, more than you can imagine." Then with a short but loving kiss he was gone.

During the ensuing week Clara was so engrossed in learning her newly acquired duties that she barely had time to think about home or her promise to Charles. On Sunday her parents and Charles came to see her, and then the full knowledge of their kindness dawned on her. With their departure everything seemed so much harder and everything so less ideal.

Soon the pang of this visit left her, and again the duties of a nurse became the very essence of her happiness. Then suddenly a desire to do something heroic, something that would envelop her entire life seized her soul. After a novena to the Blessed Virgin and two confidential talks with the Mother Superior at the hospital, Clara's mind was completely settled.

On the Sunday that Charles was to receive his answer, she went to Holy Communion and asked the Blessed Savior to shower blessings on the decision she had reached. Then with the grace of God to aid her, Clara felt certain everything would turn out for the best, and that she and Charles would both benefit by her decision.

At two o'clock Charles arrived and after a brief conversation suggested that they go out to a nearby Country Club for dinner. The longer she was in his company the harder it became to answer his question. Nevertheless, Clara resolved to stick to her decision, come what might.

CUPID'S DART IS BLUNT

After a delicious dinner, they spent some time dancing and listening to the lilting music of the orchestra. Then Clara proposed a ride before they returned to the hospital. Charles now fully realized that the source of his future happiness or sorrow was soon to be disclosed, so with a throbbing heart, he led the way to the car.

Soon after leaving the Club, Charles bluntly jumped into the middle of the whole affair. "Well, dear, is it yes or no?"

Hesitantly Clara replied, "Charles, I'm sorry, but I now fully realize that my work is my life, or in other words, I am going to the Convent in exactly two weeks."

"The Convent? Why, Clara, you can't mean that, surely?" exclaimed Charles completely surprised.

"Yes, Charles, that is true. Please don't think me hard or ungrateful, but I feel certain that I could never make you happy — that I would not be the wife you deserve. My love for you is of a different nature. I can picture you only as my best friend and as a dear brother. Please, Charles, say you aren't angry at me, but that you will continue to be my

friend. I really would appreciate your friendship, for it would make my work less laborious knowing that I had one true friend I could trust. Please, dear, say you aren't angry."

"I'm not angry, Clara, but sorely disappointed. I suppose, however, that you know best what you prefer."

"It isn't what I prefer, Charles, but what God asks of me," corrected Clara.

"Well, His gain is my loss."

"Please, Charles, don't say that. You needn't become morbid simply because I'm not worthy to be your wife. You know that life is just what one chooses to make it."

"Do you really believe that?" asked Charles.

"Certainly, Charles, for it has been proved many times. You lead your life, and I'll follow mine, but we can still be true and faithful friends."

"You're right, Clara, from now on we're brother and sister." Saying this he eagerly drew her to himself and planted an endearing kiss on her willing lips. Then with a pleasant smile said, "Well, Sis, where to from here?"



St. Joan, Warrior Maiden

● By Joseph Grevenkamp '36

PEOPLE who consider themselves practical will openly avow that they have no confidence in visions. They forget that every feasible idea which has materialized in one or the other invention, in this or that human practice, is preceded by a vision that is just as spiritual in its nature as is any manifestation coming from the domain of the supernatural. What are thoughts but spiritual entities? Is not all that man has done or planned at any time the result of thought?

If human thought is in itself an immaterial agency which shows or reflects the image of what is to be carried out in material designs, why then should not the human mind be able to receive instructions delivered by God through the help of visions that come to man as a special inspiration of Divine Grace? Visions of many kinds have come to man from supernatural sources for both his spiritual and temporal guidance as historical records testify. It is not at all astonishing, therefore, that a person of extraordinary piety, as was St. Joan of Arc, should have had visions to guide her in the unusual commission imposed upon her — the saving of her homeland from foreign domination.

The Occasion of Joan's Visions

It is more than probable that if the number of visions accompanied by voices, which were accorded to Joan in the days of her maidenhood, had not come to her with their emphatic forcefulness she would never have considered even remotely the idea of undertaking the task which now glorifies her name. To take up the sword in defence of her own country, France, during the fateful Hundred Years' War would have remained as distant from her mind as from the mind of any other French young woman at the time, if she had not been instructed and guided in this matter by Divine intervention. But the visions and voices came to her, as she herself explained and substantiated, to single her out as the savior of the sovereignty of her own country. By what special grace from God she merited this enviable distinction is not known any more clearly today, than it was known to the biased judge who condemned her to be burnt alive as a witch. What is known of her at present, and that definitely, is that she led a pious, noble and thoroughly Christian life, and that she was not a witch, but a saintly person, one who was worthy

ST. JOAN, WARRIOR MAIDEN

to receive a special commission from Almighty God, Who often makes use of the weak to confound the strong.

Joan's own country, France, had been utterly overwhelmed in that seemingly endless conflict, the Hundred Years' War, which began in 1338 and did not come to a definite finish until 1453. During that desperate engagement, France was mostly at a disadvantage in the face of her foe, England. The battles of Crecy and Poitiers in the first decade of the struggle put England so far in the lead that she had every reason to consider herself as victor in the strife. Even if for a time the tide of fortune turned in favor of France yet, as the weary years dragged along by tens and twenties, her hopes began to vanish and finally became altogether extinct at the battle of Agincourt in 1415. France was then on her knees with no hope or refuge of any kind in sight. Her armies were crushed, her valor was quenched, her King, Charles VI, was insane. England was quietly awaiting the death of the demented French King, for, as had been agreed, she would then take over the entire country of her long-standing enemy. In all her history, France had never encountered so hopeless a state of affairs in her national life. To relieve this national distress in her homeland, Joan of Arc was directed by supernatural influence to place herself at the head of an army and drive out the invaders. At the time she was a young lady of eighteen years.

Joan's Activity

In the midst of the terrible crisis that prevailed in her country, Joan appeared on the scene. Taking command of an army, as she had been instructed to do in her visions and by the voices she heard, she began to rout the English forces from one stronghold after another, until the dying courage and flagging spirit of the French soldiery revived. In daring bravery, once she found herself incased in armor, she was a match for the doughtiest soldiers who at any time sought fame on the field of glory. But it was not earthly renown that she craved. The knowledge of her heavenly commission alone urged her to wield the sword of battle as occasion demanded. That she was not chosen by heaven to enjoy worldly fame is clearly evident from the close of her life.

Having infused a new spirit into the French soldiery — by no means an easy charge for her — she held the enemy at bay long enough to have a new French King crowned as Charles VII, who took the throne vacated by his hapless father, and thus disappointed the hopes of the English to seize the crown of France. Giving proof as she did that matters of state, as well as those of a military nature, would prosper under her direction, ever increasing powers automatically came to her. Almost any other person so fortunately situated would have contemplated nothing beyond public praise, flattery, and applause. Joan, however, never gave the least evidence

in her words or conduct that she sought popular approval. It has been urged against her as a blot on her honor that she finally permitted herself to take a step beyond the powers implied in her heavenly commission. But her record is cleared of any imputation of selfishness in this matter by the testimony of history. She is said to have taken this step merely upon the repeated and insistent petitions of her countrymen not to leave them at a time when her presence was still greatly in demand. Her natural kindliness induced her to listen to these earnest entreaties and to bow to the will of her people. It is not very well known that this step proved her undoing, yet no one should make bold to declare that this measure was a mistake, for there is so much of the preternatural in Joan's career that mere human understanding is not justified in questioning her conduct.

That Joan should meet with the gravest obstacles in the position which she assumed was only to be expected. Even the French soldiers whom she was to lead from despair to victory at first plotted against her life. High officers in the army entertained serious suspicions concerning her astonishing influence on persons in every rank of society. The new King, Charles VII, could not make up his mind as to what he should think of her. She was a puzzle to everybody, and she stands as a puzzle in history to this day. Nobody at her time, however, had reasonable grounds for distrusting her, for she gave undeniable evidence to

all who saw and observed her conduct that she was guided by supernatural help, and that she was not seeking her own advantage or personal benefit. Yet the old canker-worm, jealousy, gnawed in the bosoms of many who believed that their prestige suffered because of her glory. From jealousy to treachery there was only a straight line—the shortest distance. While Joan was working with every resource at her command for the good of her country and people, she was basely betrayed into the hands of her enemies and gradually came into the hands of her archenemy, the English. She who was the savior, the glory and the joy of her country was compelled to drink the bitter cup of ingratitude as thanks for her splendid services. She had suffered privations and wounds for the honor of her people, but in spite of the sacrifices she had made for their deliverance from foreign rule, she was now constrained, because of their faithlessness, to submit to the tortures which the frenzy of her enemies dictated, and which their hatred inflicted upon her.

Joan in Prison

Instead of finding herself at the head of armies, Joan found herself in prison. During the period of her detention she was made to feel the full weight of the spite and hatred of her enemies. To bring her to trial was, of course, their only thought, and allied to that thought was the determination to put her to death. That death had to be as

humiliating and as painful as only the wrath of a defeated enemy could devise. She was not to die by the sword; she was to die on a funeral pyre where she must be burned alive.

The trial was held. Needless to say, it was not instituted with a desire to do justice to the accused, for Joan had to be condemned to death at all costs. Whatever might be said at that trial in her favor could have no value; her enemies would have their way, and according to their desires, the death sentence by fire was pronounced on her without the slightest show of reason. It is surprising that occasion was given her to receive Holy Communion and the other consolations of the Church, as her enemies had commonly mocked her requests while she was in prison, and now that the sentence of death was hanging over her, they could hardly spare the time to accede to her wishes; so anxious were they to finish the work of execution. Despite all uncivil treatment, Joan, however, found time to prepare herself in a saintly manner for meeting her dreadful doom. It is reported that she received the intelligence of her death sentence with dismay and a certain feeling of horror, but whatever she is supposed to have said at the time comes only from unfriendly sources; hence the report is unreliable.

Joan's Death

On the morning of the day on which she was to die, Joan, in the knowledge that her soul was with-

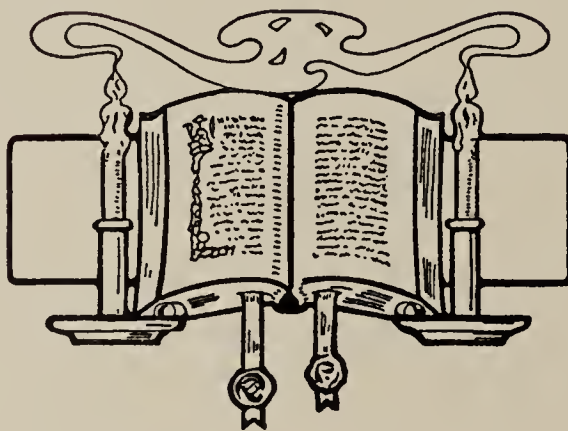
out stain in the sight of God, walked bravely to the funeral pyre and permitted herself to be lashed with chains to the huge stake which projected high above an enormous pile of brush wood. She showed no resistance or fright; she kept her eyes raised to heaven in prayer. The priest who had given her the consolations of religion advanced towards her and held a crucifix for her to kiss. A torch was set to ignite the wood, and the flames rose rapidly. As they reached her feet, Joan screamed; but always above that voice of pain, she was heard to call upon the name of Jesus, her Savior. Quickly the flames enveloped her, and for the last time she called out the name of Jesus loudly as her head sank upon her breast in death. Thus died Joan of Arc in the public market place of Rouen in France in the nineteenth year of her age on the twenty-second day of May, 1431.

Her enemies had their fill of revenge on a mere girl, but just as that mere girl had outdone them in military enterprises, so she outdid them, one and all, in the glory of her reputation. Though the ashes of her body were thrown into the river Seine in order to obliterate her memory, that memory continued to live in the minds of the people who witnessed her death; people who at the time were mostly her enemies, but who were heard to cry out regretfully when all was over, "We are lost; we have murdered a Saint." But more than the minds of people could do to keep alive the memory

of Joan, the Catholic Church did by officially declaring her a saint in 1919.

Meanwhile the best literary talent in France, England, and Germany, and to some degree even in America, has paid glowing tribute to the brave, self-sacrificing maiden-warrior, St. Joan of Arc, for her life and achievements as well as her cruel and undeserving death offer the loftiest inspirational material such as literary geniuses could not overlook. Certainly there are writ-

ers who have been inimical to St. Joan, as for instance, the scurrilous Voltaire and the rationalist, Anatole France. But these men and others of their kind were a disgrace to their country, as well as to the world of letters. As such they will not be able to besmirch the glory of St. Joan. Other writers with healthier minds among Catholics and non-Catholics have vied with each other in bestowing upon St. Joan the encomiums which her pious, great, and serviceful life so richly deserves.



Come Zephyr

by

Edward Gruber '37

'Tis time to unbridle
The gentle West Wind;
And bridle the harsh Winter gale,
Which, wild and destructive
And ruin-productive
Has naught but regret for its tale.

The forges of Vulcan
From glowing red embers
Throw sparks that gleefully fly;
The anvils are clanging
And hammers are banging,
While thunderbolts hang in the sky.

Proserpine quickly
From Hades returning
Comes care-free to play and to sing,
Where daffodils dance
And jasmines prance
In Aetna's perpetual Spring

So hurry thy pace,
Thou Zephyr serene,
To spread thine Elysian perfume;
Come gently and fleetly,
Come rollicking sweetly,
And banish all wintry gloom.



Some High Spots of the New Deal

● By John Lochotzki '37

JUST what brought on the New Deal? When did it begin to operate, and what did it accomplish? These questions are interesting to every wide-awake American since they are intimately related to the prosperity of his country and to his own personal welfare. In consequence he wants to understand these questions so that he may discuss them intelligently.

During the years of the past twenties, things were running along too smoothly for employers and employees, as well as for everybody else. The first class reaped profits that could be told only in staggering figures; the second class received wages that assured enjoyment of almost extravagant comfort. "Easy come, easy go" holds particularly with easy money. The wage-earners, generally speaking, love to put this axiom into practice. Hence it was that the big wages were spent by many of them as fast, if not faster, than they were earned. Coupled with light-hearted spending was an ever increasing volume of speculation which involved both employers and employees and hurried them along to the peak of reckless investment.

Then October, 1929, had its inning. In the fading light of fall weather, prosperity suddenly vanished. The mountain of fortune sank into the pit of depression, and that pit yawned wider and wider until at length it drew the entire country into its depths. But the United States was not big enough to fill that yawning pit. Prosperity had run to peaks over all the world, and all these peaks were being swallowed. With them, the whole world was engulfed. As the month of world-wide financial and business catastrophe, October, 1929, sounded the necessity of a New Deal. If other parts of the world would not heed the alarm, that was their own affair; the United States did heed it, and it was here that a demand was felt for a New Deal.

This new shift in the mode of living, covering, as it did, a large section of social welfare, was hard to name. Its name, New Deal, was imposed only after much debate, a debate which lasted well into 1932. To nurture the new project and bring it to full growth, "a brain trust" was organized. This trust, together with its chief head, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, deter-

SOME HIGH SPOTS OF THE NEW DEAL

mined to keep this young charge free from the influences of "rugged individualism" and from other injurious associates. Thus, under careful supervision, the New Deal grew and soon made its debut before all the people of the United States. Wherever it became known, it was mostly hailed with stormy welcome because it was to capture that fugitive, prosperity, and bring her back where she belonged. This task the New Deal carried out with some measure of success, but it could not do so alone; it needed help in superintending prosperity, now grown rather unruly, and the help was quickly forthcoming.

No extensive business can operate successfully unless it is divided into departments. The government brain trust knew as much without being told. Hence to facilitate the work of the New Deal, the NRA, the AAA, the PWA, the CCC, and other helpers with several capital letters in their names were brought into existence and pressed into service. The entire personnel, efficiently organized, gave promise to handle prosperity with the intelligence demanded to make her stay and keep her satisfied. Other adjustments required for the benefit of prosperity were readily carried out. Among these the most important was the revaluation of money.

To pry into the financial condition of the country and to make money safe, a clean-up campaign in the banks was inaugurated. Considerable inconvenience attended this move, but it served effectively to

bring the public to its senses. The main work in this campaign was to stir lazy money into activity. This was no easy task. To cure habits of laziness is always difficult, and to drive that habit out of hoarded money, taxed the genius of experts to the utmost. Yet the clean-up campaign in the banks untied money bags and unlocked many vaults, but genius of whatever strength could not chase all the lazy money back to work. The task was simply too complicated to permit being carried out in full.

In close succession to the mandate to straighten out the banking system came the order that gold coins and gold-back certificates must be taken out of circulation because the time-honored gold standard would be modified. Running up the price of gold per ounce from approximately twenty-one dollars to nearly thirty-five dollars occasioned a mild form of inflation in paper currency, thus making money more plentiful without extra taxation. Among the various schemes of the New Deal designed to fill the pit of the depression, this piece of ingenious wizardry proved the most successful. Even the Supreme Court of the country pronounced this action fully constitutional.

As money became more plentiful, people believed that good times had at last come around the corner. Prices of commodities bounded upward, and wages tried to climb; but the shackles of the depression had secured a firm grip on wages and would not easily let loose. Soon

things were badly out of kilter in the business world where prices soared and wages limped. President Roosevelt, of course, did not want this situation. It was not consistent with the aims of the New Deal. Something had to be done about this, but what to do, and how to do it presented an enigma which has not been solved, though serious attempts were made to find a solution. Because the business side of the New Deal showed defects, and because effective remedies for these defects were not discovered, many people, especially political adversaries, began to denounce the plans and schemes of the President as visionary and mistaken and began to assert that good times would come back of their own accord, if only schemers and visionaries would not block the way with their unwelcome helpfulness.

Nothing daunted by expected criticism, the President now pushed the program of the CWA with vigor. By devaluating the gold dollar, enough money was on hand to launch extensive plans for unemployment relief. To the mind of the nation at large, this was the best of all the objectives set by the New Deal, namely, to provide people with the necessities of living by means of work instead of putting them on dole and ration. From this project, clearly designed to secure the highest measure of public welfare, more abusive criticism came to the New Deal and its sponsors than from the adjustment of money values. The civil works were decried as unneces-

sary, and the labor expended on these works was said to be unskilled and wasteful. The underlying noble idea of the project was forgotten or wilfully overlooked, and partisan politics began to enjoy its day in the sun by roundly claiming that the entire scheme was an egregious failure. In this department the New Deal was discredited before it had arrived at the stage of adolescence, but the act of discrediting brought nothing more constructive in social welfare to take the place of what it branded as a failure.

Came the summer of 1933 with its CCC. Of all the aids to the New Deal this one received the least partisan abuse, as no one could offer reasonable objections to a plan evidently intended to keep young people from roaming about on the highways with no particular destination in mind, outside of looking for a living. Furthermore, the Civilian Conservation Corps, while providing labor and an income for young people, gave them a chance to aid in preserving the natural resources of the country—a thing most commendable in itself. Besides this, the CCC provided a mild, though excellent form of discipline for just that class which needs it badly—the class of the young between eighteen and twenty-one. If this provision of the New Deal were to be seriously disturbed, calamity for the country would surely be the result. Fortunately the country still has regard for the welfare of its young people, and if President Roosevelt had accomplished nothing else by the New

SOME HIGH SPOTS OF THE NEW DEAL

Deal, this safeguarding the lives of the young would give sufficient proof of his sound common sense.

In contrast with the support given to the plans and measures of the New Deal at its inception, came the dissatisfaction and grumbling of those who felt that they were asked to make sacrifices for the public good. The NRA was the first thorn in the side of this group. They forced Supreme Court action, and this Court found the NRA unconstitutional. Thus one of the great aids to the New Deal was crushed. It is maintained that the death of the NRA means the life of business. Opinion in the business world, however, is not unified on this point. There is as much room for mistakes on the one side as there is on the other side in this matter, and the best one can do, is await the judgment of the future concerning it.

A worse blow to the New Deal than the decision against the NRA was a like decision coming from the Supreme Court of the country against the AAA. At first this measure was proclaimed to be the greatest boon ever handed to the farmers

by the national government, and the earnest attempts made to save this act after it had been declared unconstitutional prove that much good was coming from it. Dissatisfaction, however, on the part of some agriculturists brought the Act to a constitutional show-down which sounded its death knell. Another helper of the New Deal was thus thrown out of commission with no indication as to what plan or agency will take its place.

Probably few administrations have taken more seriously the task to help the people in general than the present administration has done, but in spite of its generosity in endeavoring to close the yawning pit of the depression by the help of the New Deal, it has met with a storm of opposition which is still increasing in fury. Shall a person say that the only thing any administration should do is leave the country to its fate? That would prove a dismal solution to difficulties, but the course of the New Deal as visualized in just a few of its high spots would warrant no other conclusion.



The
St. Joseph's Collegian

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
COLLEGEVILLE, IND.

VOLUME XXIV

MARCH, 1936

NUMBER SIX



Charter Member



Staff

GEORGE C. MURESAN '36, EDITOR
HENRY GZYBOWSKI '36, ASS'T EDITOR
ROMAN ANDERSON '36, ASSOCIATE WILLIAM FRANTZ '36, ASSOCIATE
ROBERT KAPLE '36, ASSOCIATE

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

EARL FOOS '36	BERNARD SHANK '36
JOSEPH GREVENCAMP '36	KENNETH COUHIG '37
THOMAS GROWNEY '36	LAWRENCE MORIARITY '38
RICHARD SCHARF '36	WILLIAM CALLAHAN '37

DEPARTMENTS

BUSINESS

JAMES O'CONNOR '36
JOSEPH WESTHOVEN '36

CLUBS

DONALD MULDOON '36
NORMAN FISHER '37

SPORTS

ALBERT OTTENWELLER '36
FRED STEININGER '36

ALUMNI

AURELE DUROCHER '36
JOHN HOORMAN '36

LOCALS

EDWARD BUBALA '36
TIMOTHY DOODY '36

BOOKS

ANTHONY GAMBLE '36
EDWARD GRUBER '37

EXCHANGES

RICHARD TRAME '36
NORBERT DREILING '36

HUMOR

ANDREW FERENCAK '36
ROBERT HOEVEL '36

ART

FABIAN ORIS '36

FACULTY SUPERVISORS

REV. M. B. KOESTER, C.P.P.S.

REV. S. H. LEY, C.P.P.S.



EDITORIALS



Cartoons

An efficacious and direct way of appealing to the public mind is by the pictured representation of an idea. Papers, magazines, and books use this means the world over to convey in visualized form a striking thought or even a complete lesson on subjects of timely and general interest. Ordinarily these illustrative sketches are called cartoons. The demand for them has come to be so insistent during the past twenty years that papers and magazines employ special staff artists for this work alone.

As to their value, it may be said that expressive cartoons are both a source of amusement and instruction. But there is the danger of becoming a cartoon devotee, which particular individual loses the habit of reading and is content to derive his information from looking at pictures alone. If he is a thoughtful person, he may be able to get the proper slant on the idea which the cartoon plans to portray. But the trouble is that people do not choose to think very hard about anything, and the cartoon devotee likely belongs to the class of those who love easy thinking. In consequence the

cartoon serves as a momentary amusement for him and passes from his sight without leaving a trace on his mind.

To understand a cartoon, it is necessary that one should read about the material which the picture is supposed to represent. Otherwise cartoon-gazing is mere child's play with nothing more to its credit than looking over comic strips. The real cartoonist, it must be remembered, desires to suggest a noteworthy idea. This intention means labor on his part, and that labor will be lost on the mere cartoon-gazer who fails to supplement by reading what he sees in a drawing.

G. C. M.

Broadmindedness

Broadmindedness has always been an attractive word. It may be found on the right side of the fence in social and moral affairs or on the wrong side. More frequently it is flaunting its meaning on the wrong side of the fence and that for the purpose of covering up wrong-doing. Somehow—and that is the surprising feature about the word—it is seldom if ever invoked to support

what is really good or virtuous. But its service seemingly is in constant demand to protect practices that are socially and morally off color. Why this should be so, may be difficult to tell, unless, the explanation is to be found in the fact that evil-doing always requires excuse or apology, whereas doing good never requires either.

Because the word is so attractive in its meaning it has largely fallen into disrepute, for every quack who desires to put his moronic ideas into effect in society has from time immemorial taken refuge behind this word to palliate his ignoble designs. No other word in the entire dictionary will serve the social charlatan better to induce the thoughtless, the weak-kneed, and the unwary to fol-

low advices and directions that are socially injurious and even destructive. The poison that has been injected into this word is readily recognizable from the vast amount of service it is required to render on the wrong side of the social fence.

The distorted meaning which attaches to the word "broadmindedness" requires that a person should be wary when confronted by its charge. Only too often is the word made to imply that there is a skeleton in the closet somewhere which needs protection, and the big word is expected to serve as a secure bolt for that closet. Where deeds and words are above-board, broadmindedness, as commonly understood, is not asked to give service.

H. G.





EXCHANGES



The duty of writing the exchanges has come to such a pass that we find not a little difficulty in choosing the publications upon which we are to comment. Oh yes, we who write this column can easily remember the time when picking out the various magazines was only a matter of blindly selecting two or three publications. This method not only saved a lot of bother but also avoided that natural tendency to select only the better editions at first and leave those of less consequence for later reference. Then again it sometimes happened that journals upon which we intended to comment in the near future, for some reason or other, failed to make their appearance during that particular month, and our plans were in this manner rudely frustrated. If any exchange editor has a feasible plan to eliminate this distressing situation his suggestions would be greatly appreciated.

Individuality or originality is probably the one quality that is generally lacking in most scholastic publications. It is just this quality, however, that makes reading a different magazine a pleasure. Why should the various school productions prove so disappointing in this respect? We have harped on this point in a previous issue, but still that monotonous demon of conventionality is constantly spreading its poisonous fluid, which we will term "formalism" through the ma-

terial of a great number of college students.

With this quality of individuality in view, it is certainly a pleasure to survey a magazine as diversified as *The Loyola Quarterly* from Loyola University, Chicago, Illinois. This publication boasts a variegated array of articles dealing with politics, dramatics, education, and poetry. But *The Loyola Quarterly* scores its biggest individualistic triumph through its novel practice of having a student from some other school or college write an editorial. This guest editorial facilitates the interchange of college ideas. Miss Charlotte Wilcox, who contributed the guest editorial for the Autumn number, really issued "A Challenge to Action" for every Catholic collegian, the Catholic men and women of tomorrow. Her essay is a real example of what a good, honest editorial can say.

Great praise is due George J. Fleming for his essay entitled "The Third Alternative," or "The Meaning of Distributism." This article is both timely and accurate. In this present chaotic political condition, when the American people will be blown hither and thither by the furious blasts of the orator's tongue, an article dealing so judiciously with the true Catholic viewpoint of politics is to be complimented. Mr. Fleming, however, clothed his thoughts in words so tech-

nical that at the first reading the thoughts seemed smothered in the language.

A helpful estimation and conception of our modern stage performances is given through the discerning pen of James Supple. In his article, "An American Realist," (the secondary title is more fitting — "The Place of David Belasco") the author uses the life and works of one man, David Belasco, to depict the tendencies of the legitimate stage during an entire period. Mr. Supple truly deserves a sincere rising vote of appreciation. He did not stop at simply giving us the plays of Belasco; he delved deeper into his subject and came forth with practically all the facts concerning a particular play. This article shows the pleasant results of much hard work.

It is somewhat disappointing that a publication boasting such noteworthy essays should be completely void of a story or two. Poetry is also seriously overlooked, only two small contributions by F. Virginia Rau appearing. One of these is well worth repetition:

The Fountain

"Oh, who can resist
The lure of the mist?
The lure of the mist and the spray?
With gossamer grace,
Like frail fairy lace,
Or like dreams that have lived but a
day."

In the departments the article entitled "The Talkies Grow Up" shows a thorough understanding of the cinema, "The Dark Angel." It is pleasing to notice the large percentage of college periodicals that are becoming cognizant of the screen and the part it plays in literature and art. James Supple in this article, follows

the success of his other article on David Belasco. He accurately shows the close relationship between the stage and screen.

From cover to cover and page to page *The Loyola Quarterly* is, according to our minds, the "tops" among our exchanges. Its individuality, its Catholic thought, its scholarly presentation, all unite in warranting it our high ranking. More periodicals in this same strain would greatly facilitate the work of the exchange editors.

The Chimes, Cathedral College, New York City, contains its usual well-written and conservative collection of essays, stories, and poems. There is nothing outstanding about the material found spread over its fifty odd pages. It is a welcome relief, however, to read articles condemning institutions that should be remedied and then giving mentally balanced and practical solutions. In most college periodicals the faulty conditions are usually exploited, but no solution is given. Some articles along this line are: "The Catholic Ideal and the New Deal"; "Our Shakespearean Renaissance"; and especially "If This Be the Reason."

Poetry is conspicuous throughout this flashy covered magazine, yet only one appealed to us. William B. Delaney's sonnet, "When I Am Dead," is worth quoting:

"When I am dead, my dearest, and the
star
Of evening burns above me its soft light,
A votive candle burning through the
night,
I'll often think of you and where you are.
In that unending bliss which heaven
holds
For those who enter in that happy state,

EXCHANGES

I'll pray for you, and wonder what your
fate

May be, and if we'll meet within those
folds.

But will you think of me, when I am
dead,

And miss the joyful days we lived so
well?

Dare I hope that you will love me yet,
Or will my death be cause to break the
spell?

Dear, will you remember or forget?

I'll only know your answer when I am
dead."

The following college periodicals are
constant visitors to our desk, and we wish
to express our appreciation for this favor.
The Collegian (St. Mary's College); *The
Tower* (St. Lawrence College); *Scripto-*

rium (St. Scholastica College); *St. Vin-
cent Journal* (St. Vincent College); *Du-
quesne Monthly* (Duquesne University);
Marywood College Bay Leaf (Marywood
College); *The Gleaner* (St. Joseph's Col-
lege); *Exponent* (Dayton University);
Pacific Star (Mount Angel College);
Aurora (St. Mary-of-the-Woods Col-
lege); *Cadet Journal* (St. Joseph's Mili-
tary Academy); *Purple Pen* (Iowa State
Teachers' College); *Chimes* (Cathedral
College); *Black Hawk* (Mount Mary
College); *Canisius Quarterly* (Canisius
College); *The Clepsydra* (Mundelein
College); *The Sketch* (Iowa State Col-
lege); *The Aquinas* (St. Thomas Col-
lege); *The Loyola Quarterly* (Loyola
University); *Xaverian News* (St. Xavier
College); *Salesianus* (St. Francis Semi-
nary).





THE ARK AND THE DOVE

By J. Moss Ives

Upon reading an account of an accident involving the loss of a life, we are forced to appreciate this life of ours to a greater extent. When we peruse a volume giving us an intimate account of the life of some great saint, we begin to appreciate the sacrifices that we are called upon to make. Similarly, when we read *The Ark and The Dove* by J. Moss Ives, a volume which records the struggles of the colonists of Maryland in obtaining religious freedom, our appreciation for the freedom of worship in this country is aroused from its state of utter passivity.

The work, an excellent record of historical data, is divided into three parts. The first book, called by the author "Antecedents and Preparations," relates all that the title signifies. In a spirit of passionate devotion to historical truth Mr. Ives describes the struggles of the people in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and her successor, King James I, resulting from the religious intolerance of the rulers. With a vast background of references, he depicts the never-ceasing efforts and desires of the first Lord Baltimore, and the political influence that was necessary to obtain a colonial charter from the English court. At last, after several delays, the Ark and the Dove set sail from the isle of Wight; the

aim of the embarkees was religious liberty in the colonies.

After a three months' journey, these vessels reached Point Comfort, Virginia. Upon their arrival, the hopeful immigrants found no colonists waiting to greet them, for the rumors of a Spanish plot had reached the colonial Virginians before the landing of the two ships. Through the negotiations of two Jesuit priests, Father White and Father John Altham, passengers of the two ships, the pilgrims were able to disembark, but after a few days they again set sail for St. Clement's Island, territory included in the Baltimore grant. The hostile Indians, neighbors of the Maryland colony, during the first years at St. Clement's Island, were constantly attacking the pilgrims of St. Mary's who made every effort to enjoy civil government as well as religious worship.

Until the execution of King Charles and the overthrow of the English monarchy, religious liberty was extended by the government to Catholics and Puritans alike. With the overthrow of the monarchy the Puritans, who had been excluded from the Virginia colony and had settled at Providence with unrestricted liberties, unmindful of any debt of gratitude towards their benefactors who had saved them from persecutions, plotted to seize the colony. An increase in the number of Puritans soon gave them a

BOOK SHELF

majority in the assembly and resulted in the enactment of penal laws against the Catholics, an act of ingratitude and intolerance that is outstanding in the annals of history. Such was this ingratitude of the Puritans that Maryland was under the shadow of bigotry and intolerance from 1688 to the dawn of National Independence.

The third book is hardly what the title signifies, "The Harvest," for it is mostly a continuation of the struggles for religious tolerance. However, with the untiring assistance of Lord Baltimore and the three Carrolls — Charles, Daniel, and the Jesuit, Father John Carroll — in a slow but uncertain manner, a way for Independence and the Constitution was prepared. Finally the eternal fruits of the harvest were the adoption of the first amendment, and the revision of the tenth amendment of the Constitution of the United States. Therein lies our indisputable claim to religious liberty.

The Ark and the Dove covers in an unbiased manner the labors of the early Catholics and Jesuit missionaries in founding a colony which offered to its inhabitants true religious freedom.

It is written in a simple style, and although everything is eliminated that might puzzle even the humblest reader, the frequent transition from narration to quotation and annotations, makes reading somewhat difficult and tiresome. The style is such a contrast to that of the quotations that one must pause a while and study upon what statements the author wishes to enlarge. Mr. Ives, a deep student of philosophy, clearly portrays that the natural law must necessarily have been the guide for those who framed the Constitution. He capably

points out those parts of the Constitution that are truly Catholic.

Although Mr. Ives is not a Catholic, he seems to have a thorough understanding of Catholic principles. The entire volume seems to be written from a Catholic viewpoint, for although he seems to reproach the practices of the early Puritans against religious freedom, he never voices his approval of them. Either he believes that the Catholics contributed much to the development of Maryland, or he is a wise historian.

There is no doubt that Mr. Ives contributed a worthwhile account of Historical Maryland, and I firmly believe that *The Ark and The Dove* is an admirable and useful reference work for both the historian and the student of literature.

Louis Telegdy, '36

AN INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES DICKENS

By Joseph C. Boarman

Someone has stated that biography is the most intimate form of literature to execute fitly. So cluttered with significant happenings is the life of an author like Charles Dickens that it takes a masterful pen to portray their beauty and tint each epoch with the proper flush and glow of color.

Joseph Boarman, young, ambitious author of the biography Boz, has undertaken a task that challenges the savoir-faire of many authors of repute. He has built an intimate biography about the life and habits of Charles Dickens. Perhaps he has not succeeded to the full extent in creating a masterpiece of literary effort, but he has succeeded in bringing to the mind of the reader an appreciation, a fuller knowledge of the man who has

immortalized the poor commoner of London streets. By reading wisely and voraciously of Dickens' works, Mr. Bowman has accumulated a thorough knowledge of the subject and is capable of treating it exhaustively.

Boz, the biography, is divided into two definite sections. The first contents itself with setting forth the principles that shaped Charles Dickens' life. It treats intimately of the struggle he had in climbing the hard road from the London debtors' prison to become the most beloved of all English writers. It tells how Dickens became a young reporter on a London daily; how he wrote gripping stories for English periodicals; how he lived a most unhappy though prosperous life; how finally he died because he was working too hard trying to serve his public.

The second part sets forth in delightful vignettes, a glorification of not only the principal characters of Dickens, but of almost all the multitudinous characters given the breath of fictional life by the pen of one whose pseudonym was Boz.

The latter section is very educational and should be read prior to the first portion of the book; because, after one has acquainted himself with Dickens' characters, the first section of the account becomes more interesting. One then feels that one knows Micawber, David Copperfield, and even the obscure characters that most novices in the field of reading have not met. This latter section presents an easy way to read Dickens, to learn of the immortal characters by way of a man who seems to have known Dickens personally.

Although Mr. Boarman undertook a stupendous venture in writing about the life of Charles Dickens he has done com-

mendable work up to a certain point. With such a great knowledge of, and such a devouring passion for Dickens, this young author seems to have put a part of his soul into his book. He is earnest and really believes with his whole heart everything that is contained in his comprehensive volume. He moves the reader to think, to wish also to be an ardent disciple of an author who has so completely taken possession of the mind of one person. In Boz there is the fervor and sincerity that usually obtains in a first book, but before Mr. Boarman can become an author of recognized ability he must learn to put style into his writing. He must learn to introduce principles of ethics and good taste subtly in order not to offend the minds of his readers. It seems that Mr. Boarman's mind is so full of Dickens that he fails to keep things in proper order and sequence. Some story or anecdote seems to occupy his mind so completely that it flows spontaneously into his work, although it has no relation to the particular section of the story.

Mr. Boarman shows promise as an author; after he has rounded out his style and become more facile with his wordy phrases he will become one of the best contemporary writers.

A. O., '36

RIFF RAFF — A MOVIE

After many successive smash hits as the screen's most convincing siren, Jean Harlow, abandoning her platinum blonde tresses for a "honey brown" coiffure, appeared as a real woman in "Riff Raff." In this role the star shed much of her former brilliancy.

This cinema is a colorful and hearty story in which the glib and fiery Hattie

BOOK SHELF

(Jean Harlow), queen of the tuna fish canneries, marries the hard and tough Dutch Muller (Spencer Tracy), king of the tuna fisherman. Dutch, an habitual trouble maker, loses his job and home, then runs out on his wife to ride the rails. In an attempt to help him Hattie runs afoul of the law and lands in prison where her baby is born. Dutch finally wakes up, and Hattie escapes from prison; but before the usual happy ending is supplied there are plenty of thrilling fireworks.

In the role of Hattie, Jean Harlow is grossly miscast. During her five years as a screen actress, Miss Harlow has achieved the enviable reputation of being the siren among sirens. In "Riff Raff", however, the producers apparently overlooked this and cast her not as a captivating lady but as a real woman with a very human heart. Miss Harlow courageously tries to give us a convincing portrayal and at times reaches unexpected heights. She deserved praise for her efforts in so hopelessly a miscast part. Why can't producers be more considerate toward both the public and the actors?

Dutch (Spencer Tracy) is back again in the role of a tough, thick-headed character. Tracy's toughness is, for the most part, convincing and entertaining. He fits nicely into his part and does his level best to make the artificial plot take on

some semblance of life and to inject mirth into its far from novel situations.

In the supporting cast Joseph Calleia stands out as the persistent pursuer of lovely Jean's affections. His gaudy dress and Greek accent do much to add laughter to his part. Una Merkel, J. Farrell MacDonald, Mickey Rooney, and Vince Burnett also give honest and convincing portrayals. The fine acting of the supporting cast did much to make Miss Harlow's sad plight seem less obvious.

The most unusual thing about "Riff Raff" besides Spencer Tracy's grand work, was the prison scenes with the baby. On the screen only one baby appears, but there were actually four. Since a baby can be photographed for only a few brief moments, two sets of twins were used to play the part of one child. In each set of twins there was one child who laughed and another who cried. I seriously doubt whether anyone can detect the changes.

All in all "Riff Raff" furnishes an enjoyable evening of entertainment, even though the star is completely out of her element. I hope, for the public and for Miss Harlow, that her next picture will restore her platinum blonde hair and will also be a worthwhile story.

Richard Trame, '36



ALUMNI

With joy we received the news, a few days ago, of the appointment of the Rev. Francis Uecker, *Father Uecker '27*, to the office of *Receives First Appointment* assistant pastor of St. Anthony's Parish, Detroit, Michigan. There is no doubt that the people of St. Anthony's will find you no less an understanding friend and guardian of their welfare than you were a genial prefect to us, Father. May the Lord bless and advance your work in the care of souls!

Information recently came to our desk that the Rev. George Bauer, M.M., a missionary in China and an *An Alumnus* alumnus of St. Joseph's, *In China* has left China for a visit in Europe and the *Returning* United States. Father Bauer will be remembered as the author of the "Hoingan Diary," a chronicle of activities in the mission fields of China, upon which this column commented some months ago. He expects to visit his Alma

Mater while in America. We will welcome you, Father, and we ask you to be prepared to tell us many of your experiences.

Our attention was directed the other day to an article in the *South Bend Tribune* concerning the appointment by the Department of Labor at Washington of Mr. Edmund A. Willis, '03, a South Bend, Ind. attorney, to the office of special district referee in government wage disputes. The immediate case to which Mr. Willis has been assigned is that of hearing a wage dispute developing in the construction of a post office in Garrett, Indiana. The *Tribune*, however, believes that the appointment will be permanent.

The open confidence placed in Mr. Willis by the article referred to is, we are sure, well founded; it is therefore with much satisfaction that we congratulate Mr. Willis and wish him success.





COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Inaugurating its dramatic activities for the second semester, the Columbian Literary Society presented a diversified program in the College auditorium Friday evening, February 21. The eve of Washington's Birthday is the traditional date for the club's first second-semester presentation, but scarcely ever has the program been so entertaining as that presented this year. The Glee Club, making its first public appearance, provided the necessary spice for the evening's entertainment with several vocal selections.

Norbert Dreiling, Vice-President of the Society, opened the program with a few laudatory words of introduction for the newly-elected President, Mr. William J. Frantz.

The President's address, entitled, "The Catholic Laymen of Tomorrow," dealt extensively with the necessity of education in the field of oratory that the future Catholic leaders may adequately combat the ever increasing number of silver-tongued anti-Catholic propagandists. Emphasizing his major assertions with well-chosen gestures and effective

modulations, Mr. Frantz succeeded in awakening the audience to the necessity of proficiency in expression.

In two one-act plays the Columbians were given opportunity to display their ability as actors. The aspiring Thespians did well in interpreting two uninspiring plots. "The Gray Overcoat" and "Don't Make Me Laugh" substantiated the prevalent opinion that one-act plays usually are devoid of reasonable plots and admit of little dramatic interpretation. The first mentioned revolved on the capture of a famed jewel thief by a suave gentleman detective, Mortimer Curtis. The character of the detective was aptly portrayed by Robert Kaple. Inspector Woodruff, by all indications the thief, was enacted by Robert Beckman, while the part of the Inspector's valet, the real thief, was carried by Paul Kuebler.

The second play, "Don't Make Me Laugh," was a farce centering on the difficulties of a group of amateur performers in putting on a play. After a series of ludicrous, incredulous occurrences, the actors were given a contract by a philanthropic producer named Martini.

THE CAST

Sally	Stanley Meiring
Mack	Frederick O'Brien
Bob	Robert Hoevel
Limpy	Edward Finan
Shivers	Norbert Dreiling
Italian	Edward Zukowski

While it is not advisable to shower praises on any particular member of a cast we feel obliged to make mention of the superb acting of Edward Finan. The real surprise of the play was furnished by the success which Limpy and Shivers attained in shielding their identity from three intimate friends through the simple process of donning a Stetson ever so slightly cocked over the left eye.

VOCAL SELECTIONS

Die Stimme von Portice—Auber, piano
duet by Dan Peil and Lawrence Heiman.
Regimental Song—Rakoczy.
Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes.
The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers—
Tessel.
Bombay—O'Keefe-Zamecnik



NEWMAN CLUB

It is indeed difficult to write of something which one knows nothing about. That is the situation which we generally encounter when treating of the Newman Club. This month, however, we are somewhat more fortunate.

The most important event that has taken place in this club recently was the change of officers. By dint of much searching and patient waiting we have managed to obtain, if not the form, at least the content of the inaugural addresses of the new officers. If these men are able to instil their own first fervor into the hearts of those they lead,

we may reasonably expect great things from the club during the remaining part of the year.

Newmans, if you will take the advice of one who has known what your club is like, take the words of your officers to heart. Do not permit your club to degenerate into a soulless assembly and your activities into a nonsensical farce. You have chosen your leaders wisely; do not fail to follow them well. Do not hesitate to execute your captain's first order, "Full steam ahead." Your secretary begged you for something to record other than motions for adjournment. Give him the real, active, and peppy meetings for which he asked. Do not criticize your critic nor take his criticisms amiss, for the policy which he formulated is the only correct one. As he put it, push your merits so high that Newmans of future years will have to strive their utmost to merely equal yours. Your executive chairman's advice is sound; do not attempt to rest on your laurels, and remember that enterprise makes for progress.

You are future Columbians. Success as Newmans means success as Columbians. In the midst of so many things that are not such, do not make the mistake of neglecting something that is really worth while.



DWENGER MISSION UNIT

For those acquainted with local traditions the term "Mission Festival" needs no explanation. For those unfamiliar with such customs it may be briefly stated that the mission festival is an annual project sponsored by the Dwenger Mission Unit for the purpose of aiding financially the home and foreign missions.

SPOT LIGHT

Scarcely conceivable is a more praiseworthy aim than the desire to assist in the propagation of the faith by aiding in the maintenance of deserving missions. Besides the spiritual motive which induces the Dwengerites to conduct this festival, there is the additional incentive, that of personal pride, which impels them to make each succeeding festival dwarf all its predecessors by realizing a greater profit.

The discussion of the ways and means by which this aim may be realized was the purpose of the meeting of February 26. After briefly outlining the major phases of the project, the president of the society appointed a festival committee, and opened the subject for discussion. Confident of the ability of our leaders and of the cooperation of the students, we feel certain that the mission festival of 1936 will far surpass festivals of previous years.

Following the business session, the customary Catholic Action program was presented under the direction of Richard Scharf. George Rudy opened the program with several selections on his harmonica. After this, three speeches were delivered; Robert Scheiber, Thomas Growney, and Werner Schmiesing were the speakers of the evening. The final feature of the program was the playing of several saxophone selections by Leslie Henrikson.

RALEIGH CLUB

With Collegeville in the throes of the most severe winter it has witnessed in many years, the Raleigh Clubrooms have become the sole recreation center for the vast majority of the older Collegians. Rather than subject themselves to the possibility of swollen ears, which has been

the fate of several local fresh air fiends, club men are confining their activities to the somewhat less frigid atmosphere of the clubrooms.

"Hearts," the last of the card tournaments, was recently completed. The silver loving cup, symbolic of victory, will be awarded to Earl Foos, the "King of Hearts." Second place was won by Ed Andres.

The first round of the pool tournament has now been played, but many expert cue-men still remain to be eliminated before the champion can be named. Thus far the matches have been very close, and the final rounds will undoubtedly be highly entertaining as the survivors of the fittest battle it out for first honors.

The Ping-Pong table is continuously occupied during recreation hours, as the many ping-pongsters sharpen their wares in preparation for the forthcoming tournament. An interesting match was arranged some weeks ago by Collegeville's pingster par excellence, Mr. Vincent Shank, with the highly rated (according to Mr. Shank) Winamac Table Tennis team. Mr. Shank is likewise a Winamac product, and under his supervision the St. Joe lads experienced little difficulty in defeating the home-town aggregation.

MONOGRAM CLUB

While still a comparatively new organization, the Monogram Club faces a bright future. Assured of better and more spacious quarters in the new building, it is striving hard to overcome certain elemental financial difficulties. At present it is conducting a ticket-selling campaign for the forthcoming raffle which promises to slash the club's debts in half. Good luck, athletes: may your aims be realized.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS



Requiescant in Pace

To the Reverend Harold Diller and Otto Diller, and to Joseph Sciulli the COLLEGIAN STAFF in the name of all the students extends sincerest sympathy on the death of their fathers.

We walked into a modern gymnasium some time ago and were delighted to see a time-worn maxim

Deeds of Famous Men brightly printed on the wall, challenging all that walked 'neath the por-

tals of that hall to highest realms of sportsmanship. "Could anyone ever forget such a motto as he fought his way through an oft' unsportsmanlike world?" I dared myself to answer. Pondering thus I felt my mind wander into the land of the amateur poet:

Monuments oft' tell the story
Of the Deeds of Famous Men;
But nobler deeds are left untold
By the chisel or the pen.

That is the extent of the land of the amateur poets. My mind wanted to travel further, but, ah! the pity of limit! Not that I wished to create an immortal poem. May the gods forbid! But I did want to have something more original to head the Honor Roll than this masterpiece of maxims I had long been in love with:

"For when the one great scorer comes to
Write against your name,

He writes not that you won or lost,
But how you played the game."

May this console those who have not made the following honor roll of the semi-annual exams.

6th Year

Aurele Durocher	96
Joseph Smolar	95
Ambrose Lengerich	94 5-7
Richard Trame	94 1-7
Robert Hoevel	93 4-7

5th Year

Norman Fisher	95 4-7
William Callahan	94 6-7
Robert Scheiber	92 5-7
Edwin Johnson	92 3-4
Marvin Kolhoff	92

4th Year

Ernest Lukas	93 2-7
James Hinton	92 5-8
George Sheehan	91 2-7
Edmund Ryan	91
Lawrence Moriarty	90 3-8

3rd Year

Walter Dery	98 1-6
Robert Siebeneck	96 1-2
George Lubeley	94 4-5
Francis Koranda	94 2-3
Richard Doyle	94 1-2

2nd Year

Harold Weller	93 2-3
Thomas Taylor	89 3-5
James Gerstbauer	83 1-2

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

1st Year

Eugene Klyczek	91 5-6
Bernard Flory	89 1-2
Edward Teyber	89 1-3



Sunday morning, February second, as the resonant notes of the organ fluttered about in the peaceful

Forty Hours atmosphere of the college chapel; as the *Devotion* priests, servers, and acolytes

marched from the sacristy to the front of the altar which swarmed with burning, golden colored candles, the annual Forty Hours Devotion was officially opened. Immediately following the Solemn High Mass, while the congregation sang the Pange Lingua, the Blessed Sacrament was carried in procession about the chapel and later placed in exposition upon the tabernacle, there to remain until Tuesday morning.

Throughout Sunday and Monday the various classes, in their turn, visited the gentle Christ of the Eucharist. Their uplifted eyes gazed upon a radiant, ever youthful host nestled in a glistening monstrance; gazed upon an altar whose immaculately covered breast bore dozens of lighted candles—trembling tongues speaking of the glory, the purity of the Eucharist.

On Tuesday, after the Solemn High Mass and procession, the Sacred Host was placed behind the doors of the tabernacle. When the faint click of the golden key had announced that the Eucharistic Christ had once more been given to the care of the angels of the tabernacle, the words of the Te Deum, pouring forth from the lips of the congregation, echoed to every corner of the chapel. With this song of praise the annual Forty Hours Devotion came to a close.

Butterflies and Scorpions

From the Blue Grass State comes another new student, Pete Casper, who wasn't long getting on to the ropes or on to Weyer. "If we get one more fellow from Kentucky up here," says Bogy Weyer, "we'll have enough to form a darn good hill-billy feud."



Bot Shank, champion pingy-pongy player from Pulaski County, is planning a big barn dance in the near future. "Fellers," says Bot, "better line up some real country gals for the dance, cus we're goin ta have a big time." And what happened? Schnozzie Ferencak dated Molly for the big shin-dig! "Oi, oi," anticipates Molly, "vill ve haff a goot time."

By unanimous vote Ike Donnelly has been acclaimed the Champion All-time Dumb Questioner of Collegeville. We never remember what his last question was, for it doesn't last long enough to make an impression. As thick as hail they come; the accumulation of the first



semester would fill a volume. Here are two fair examples: 1) "Father, did you ever see a walking tree?" 2) "Are moulds those little furry animals that crawl under the lawn and put holes all over it?" Their originality always provokes a good laugh. We are sometimes reminded of the fellow who asked the prof who the unknown soldier was.



Say, what is all this we hear about

Gus Morrison becoming the big play boy! Well, Gus, we must hand it to you. The dope is that Rensselaer "fems" have Gus all figured out as the big play boy from Collegeville. Since the beans are spilled it is going to be tough to make two-bits last an entire Sunday evening.

FLASH! FLASH! (Sunday, Feb. 23, A.M.) Local authorities baffled! Some one was out all night, but who that some one was, where he went, and all the whys and wherefores of the case have completely baffled detectives. They are foiled, but the Butterflies and Scorpions see all, know all, hear all, and print all! Who is the man?

We hear that Swede Johnson vainly tried to tag along with Foos' date one Sunday eve, and that the result was embarrassing for—Swede. Perhaps if "Ox" Hatton, who seems to hold sway over the town's "cute little things," would generously condescend to introduce some of the fellows (it's mean of him not to) such occurrences would be nil in future.

FLASH! FLASH! Betts Shank scores again! (Collegeville, Mon., Feb. 24, 11:30 A.M.) Betts Shank, cousin to Bots Shank, added the climax to his long string of humorous episodes this morning, which resulted in a terrific quiver of the Main Building. A stack of funny papers in one arm, a magazine in the other, Betts walked quietly into a classroom, leisurely seated himself, and pushed his nose into the magazine. A moment later, as if aroused by an earthquake, he grabbed his papers and clumsily raced for the door. Poor Betts was entirely unaware that he had walked into a class session

until the tumult of cachinnations caused his undignified exit.

"Ox" Hatton astounded those who know him better by the report that he is now taking music lessons. He claims that he is learning the art of tickling the ivories and bellowing the sax. Some day he hopes to direct the greatest popular orchestra in the States. Lucky for him that he lives on a farm, where even his closest neighbors may excuse the wailing, justly mistaking it for the familiar barnyard harmony.

Fully recovered from a slight concussion of the brain sustained in a playful wrestling match, Jerry Hutter recently returned to school as bright and cheerful as ever. We are all happy that the injury was not as serious as at first we feared, Jerry, for your smiling eyes are always provocative of many other beaming orbs. Besides, we need someone who is willing to handle Mr. Junk occasionally.

The two Fort Wayne enterprisers, Bob and Don A., have released their monopoly on the Candy Trust, and two other eager business men have succeeded them in the sweets corporation. Here's wishing Red O'Connor and Twerp Meyer good luck in their dainty undertaking. "Suck-cess" in the candy business is very sweet.

We are sorry that the name of Paul Weaver was not mentioned in the last issue as one of the recipients of a monogram for football. Paul, a regular end, was always known for his consistency to play a headstrong game, and his services were invaluable. Pardon us, Paul, for the omission, and may we now

IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS

take the opportunity to heartily congratulate you.



The Duke of Fashion

Paris,
Au Revoir to your styles;
Hobble and hike from sight.
Hollywood,
You're worth no while,
So take your flight;
Take your
Pretty girls
And stunning garments,
Sophisticated fashions—
For—my head whirls—
Your brilliance
Has vanished,
Your glory
Is famished.
Make way for him,
The Duke of Fashion,
Lo! Here he comes!
See the mob,
How they clear the way!
See the hats
As they fill the sky!
Listen to the shouts,
How wild they fly!
Pretty girls sigh
So soft and mute:
"Ah! isn't he cute?"
Torchy's eyes blink and swirl
As the Duke
Above the crowd he views.
"By gosh, some guys
Get all the breaks,"
The towering center exclaims.
Mertes
Speaks but few sounds;
The Duke and his style
Outshine Larry.
The Prince of Wales
Can be dressed

In the latest;
So and so
Can sport
The smartest.
But! let me behold
The Duke of Fashion,
Strutting a-la-Chaplin;
Yes,
Pat "Benson"
Surpasses all those 'round
When he wears that
200 pounds.



It has been a long, cold winter, so Bob Hoevel has had plenty of time to get used to the kidding he received because of his love for a pair of cute little earmuffs. Some of the bright ones that have been pulled on him because of the warmers have probably reached his "Humor Department" in the COLLEGIAN, courageously disguised, but I am sure he would not repeat this one:

Challenging the elements without hat but WITH earmuffs, Bob trod his merry way through the snow-packed streets of Rensselaer. Presently a little fellow about six years old ran up to him and breathlessly inquired, "Honest, Mister, is that a real por-able radio you're carrying with cha?"



It may be many a moon before St. Joe's basketeurs can tell about a better time than the one they had on the Huntington trip. After handing the Foresters a vengeful lacing in their own home town they could not return home that same night because of the severe storm. So in the beautiful Huntington hotel lodged the happy victors. Rich with variety were the stories heard in the "cradle" on

the return of the team. No, "Maxie and Alfy," we will not print that story about you this time.

No matter what day of observance it may be, Professor Tonner will always see to it that some well-meant greeting is posted on the entrance to his "Bee-hive" (The Music Department). The little greeting is usually filled with thought, and the originality it contains moves one to marvel. Very clever was the Valentine greeting. We read:

"The Bee Hive is dead—in love with you."

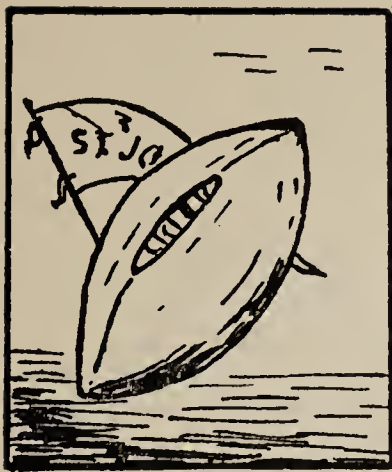
This time it happened to be the drawing that most amused and pleased us.

While the campus that he had beautified was waging a winning battle with the troops of Old Man Winter, Father A. Scheidler was winning the good will of Old Man Sol in the land of enormous

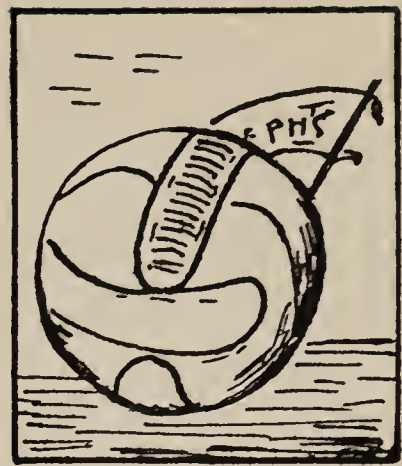
oranges and fake realtors. As a special silver jubilee gift from the V. Rev. Provincial, Father Scheidler has been enjoying a prolonged vacation in Florida. Enjoy yourself, Father! Instead of sending us any "wish you were here" cards, we would more appreciate a few details of your sojourn, and also a few of those immense Florida oranges.

Was that a letter from the Metropolitan that Nelson and Tibbett were studying the other day? Perhaps it contained a contract! We just calculate that it was, since "Nelson" Steininger and "Tibbett" Grevenkamp are about to receive their diploma from the St. Joseph's College Vocal Conservatory. Nelson and Tibbett tried to conceal the news of their good fortune, but they revealed themselves by their continuous efforts to "make good." The door of the music hall was left open. Oh, yes: Jib was also reading over their shoulders.





SPORTS



St. Joe Starts Victory March with 39-27 Win Over Huntington Cards Turn On Heat At Last

Catching again its old-time will to win, St. Joe's valiant Cardinal team showed speed and skill in trouncing a very formidable Huntington quintet. The Cards were a changed team, almost inspired, as they executed blocks and pile-driving fast breaks to heap up 39 counters against a team that placed the accent on defense. While the Cardinal and Purple were amassing points, their new dragnet zone defense spiked the big guns of the Huntington five. The Foresters led 11-0 in the early moments of play, but Scharf and Van Nevel teamed with the other Cardinal stalwarts to pick the lead and hold it unchallenged throughout the remaining portion of the contest.

Things looked rather gloomy as the fracas began, when Huntington took St. Joe's breath away with net-scorching baskets from midcourt to go out in front, 11-0. At this point Hatton and Ottenweller, six-foot-four Cardinals, were injected into the fray, and the Huntington offense sank below par while the Saints launched an attack that climaxed all their previous attempts at basketball. It was only after the ball had been methodically handled through the stages of a set play that a St. Joe player would dump in a shot from under the basket. On

beautiful formations the Cards hoisted their lead to 17-16 at half time. St. Joe's newly-found, oiled-with-precision offensive, added bucket after bucket in the second period under the delicate touch of Dick Scharf and Barney Badke. It seemed as if the Cards had been charged with some victory-producing spark, for they had no trouble at all in the second half in finding the basket for shots.

As a fitting climax to this phenomenal display of power, "Geneva Jake" Moran stormed the net to enlarge St. Joe's score, while "Maxie" McCarthy handled the ball cleverly around the big Huntington five to stall out a victory.

The Cards have found a bonanza in the zone defense, for throughout the second half Huntington failed to score an under-basket shot.

St. Joseph's (39)

	B	F	P
Diedrich, f	0	0	0
McCarthy, f	0	0	1
Badke, c	2	0	4
Scharf, f	5	2	4
Hatton, g	2	0	2
Van Nevel, g	4	0	1
Ottenweller, f	1	1	2
Moran, c	3	2	1
<hr/>			
	17	5	15

Huntington (27)				Cook, g	0	0	0
	B	F	P	Humbert, c	0	0	0
Michel, f	2	0	1	Elmar, f	1	3	2
Pe Gan, f	2	3	3				
Ware, c	3	0	2		10	7	11
Farrar, g	1	1	2	Score at half: St. Joseph's 17; Huntington			
Adams, g	1	0	0	16.			
Wilson, f	0	0	1	Referee: Barratt; Umpire: McClure.			

St. Joe Swamps Manchester, 34-24

Cardinals Hold Commanding Lead Throughout Contest

With a perfectly coordinated, fast-passing offense augmented by a newly developed impregnable zone defense, Coach DeCook's quintet took into camp the powerful Manchester College five by a decisive score of 34-24. After the first basket had been scored by "Barney" Badke through the perfect execution of a block play in the first minute of the contest, St. Joe fans predicted that the inspired team of Cardinals, which had the week previous begun a late season drive for wins, were destined for another victory. Their prediction was true; the Cards did not relinquish their lead at any time in the encounter.

Although the Manchester team consisted of the same players as last season when they twice defeated the Cardinal squad by scores of 40-21 and 32-30 (the last an overtime game), St. Joe turned the tables to outplay these same veterans in every department of the game. Flashing their highest speed of the season, Badke, Scharf, Van Nevel, Ottenweller, and Hatton gave a brilliant exhibition of offensive basketball that completely baffled the Spartans from North Manchester. With this advantage, the Cards took every opportunity to hit the net via neatly executed pivot and underneath - the-basket shots. The Spartans, demoralized at finding it impossible to

penetrate St. Joe's zone defense, were forced to seek their points by shooting longs from the mid-court and difficult angle shots from the corners; the majority of these did not even come near the basket. Out of the seventy-three attempted by Manchester, only nine pierced the net.

"Dick" Scharf and "Barney" Badke set the pace for scoring points in the evening's encounter by registering a total of twelve points each. "Al" Van Nevel, besides exhibiting a good defensive game, chalked up three points, one field goal and a charity toss. Credit must be given to "Torchy" Ottenweller, who was the key man of DeCook's newly devised machine. He more than held his own against Banet, Manchester's veteran center.

Neff and Snider, Spartan forwards, rated the majority of the points for Manchester.

St. Joseph's (34)			
	B	F	P
Scharf, f	5	2	0
Hatton, f	1	0	3
Ottenweller, c	1	0	1
Badke, g	5	2	1
Van Nevel, g	1	1	3
Diedrich, f	0	0	0
Moran, f	0	0	0
Weyer, g	1	0	0
McCarthy, g	0	1	0
	14	6	8

SPORTS

Manchester (24)				Hollinger, g	1	0	1
Neff, f	2	3	2	Lewallen, g	0	0	0
Snider, f	3	1	1	Sumpter, f	1	0	0
Banet, c	0	1	2				
Sapp, g	0	0	2		9	6	12
Dubois, g	1	0	3	Score at half: St. Joseph's, 20; Man-			
Waddell, f	1	1	1	chester, 15.			
Speece, c	0	0	0	Referee: A. Etter; Umpire: R. Etter.			

Joliet Jr. College Tumbles St. Joe, 60 - 22

After performing like Champions in two successive starts St. Joe bogged down and took a 60-22 beating at the hands of Joliet Jr. College. The Cards' zone defense could not move fast enough to stop their accurate-shooting, Sucker-State opponents from tossing in shots with abandon from every spot on the floor. Offensively St. Joe was about as hot as the current sub-zero weather. Only a few times in the contest did they show flashes of the form they had developed in their two previous wins.

At the outset Joliet, slipping in two field goals to jump into the lead, put a huge dent in St. Joe's fighting spirit. In an early offensive thrust, engineered by Brumund and Jones, Joliet shot the count to 14-1. St. Joe fought back courageously to narrow the gap 14-8 on neat two-handed efforts by Scharf and Badke, but at this point the Joliet sharpshooters unleashed a succession of sizzling one-handers to capture the heavy end of the score at half-time, 25-8.

Although determined to hew the Junior's lead in the latter period, the Saints were helpless in the face of the dazzling attack of the Illinois quintet. Showing a brand of basket-shooting that was almost flawless, Joliet ran the count to amazing proportions. They rifled shots from side-court; they whisked in off-

balance shots from under-basket that made St. Joe gasp for breath. The Junior's defense proved effective enough against the dogged St. Joe team, overwhelmed by an avalanche of baskets. The game was no longer a contest when the gun ended it, 60-22.

St. Joseph's (22)	B	F	P
Scharf, f	4	5	1
Hatton, f (c)	1	1	1
Moran, f	1	1	2
Ottenweller, c	1	0	0
Diedrich, f	0	0	0
Badke, g	0	0	2
Van Nevel, g	0	0	2
McCarthy, g	0	1	3
	7	8	11

Joliet (60)	B	F	P
Jones, f	5	3	0
Patterson, f	3	1	0
Brumund, f	8	7	4
McGann, c	1	0	0
Argyle, g	3	1	2
Tessiatore, g	1	0	4
Manthey, g	1	0	1
Hartford, g	2	0	0
	24	12	11

Score at half: St. Joseph's, 8; Joliet Jr., 25.

Referee: Reynolds.

Manchester Swarms Over St. Joe, 53-26
Count 14-14 at Halftime

It does happen! St. Joe took a terrific thumping in a conference game at Manchester, after having lead decisively through most of the first half. The Cards, playing excellent basketball, augmented their total efficiently in the first stages of the game to hold the lead, but in the second half Manchester came onto the floor inspired to perform like a miracle team. They rolled up an astonishing number of points to outclass the Cards, whose performance was marred by their inability to hit the drapes.

Hitting their offensive stride the Cards took the lead at an early juncture 12-6 as the Scharf, Badke, Hatton combination shared honors in splitting the meshes. St. Joe appeared in form as they swung under the basket on timed plays to tip in valuable counters. Manchester, overwhelmed by the Cardinal offensive, showed no aggression until Sapp and Waddell lead an offensive spurt to tie the count 14-14 as the timekeeper was fingering the half-time gun.

In the second period St. Joe had little chance to use its offensive, and the gold and black assaulted the net mercilessly. What chance St. Joe had to use its offense was turned to naught as they threw caution to the wind in attempts to fast breaks through a quintet of six footers.

Manchester piled together such an impressive score because they had the courage to come back. Waddell, Dubois and Snyder shared scoring honors respectively. Scharf topped St. Joe's scoring with 10 counters; Badke and Hatton were close on his heels with 7 and 6.

St. Joseph's (26)	B	F	P
Scharf, f	4	2	1
Hatton, f	2	2	2
Ottenweller, c	1	0	3
Badke, g	2	3	3
Van Nevel, g	0	0	2
Moran, f	0	0	0
McCarthy, g	0	1	0
	9	8	11

Manchester (53)	B	F	P
Waddell, f	5	2	3
Snyder, f	3	4	1
Dubois, c	3	5	2
Hollinger, g	0	0	1
Neff, g	5	0	0
Lewallen, f	0	0	0
Sumpter, f	1	0	0
Banet, c	0	0	0
Sapp, g	3	0	3
Speece, g	1	0	2
	21	11	12

Referee: Davis. Umpire: Harris.

Intramural Sports

College League.

	won	lost
Sixths	5	0
Fifths	2	1
Thirds	1	4
Fourths	0	3

High School League

	won	lost
Thirds	3	1
Fourths	2	1
Firsts	2	1
Seconds	0	4

SPORTS

Catholic Central Downs St. Joe High, 29 - 22

St. Joe High School varsity, playing without Ed Manderbach, their star performer and leading scorer, suffered their third defeat of the season at the hands of a powerful Catholic Central team from Hammond by a score of 29-22.

The fray at the start was lagging and dull; the first point, which came by way of a charity toss, was scored after more than half of the first quarter had elapsed. Two field goals by Petrowski and Cashman followed to end the quarter; Central lead 5-0.

The apex of the game proved to be the second quarter; both teams produced their best in this period of the contest. "Half Pint" McGraw ignited the spark for the Junior Cardinals by piercing the net with one of those sizzling slishers that make a team fight and the fans whistle. Michaelewicz of C.C. followed with a point by dropping in a gift shot. Hanpeter then scored a free throw, and Moorman came through to sink a mid-court shot. Yocis retaliated for Hammond by putting in a one-handed push shot. A foul by Cashman then gave Moorman two more gift shots; he converted both of them. After a brief interval of hectic playing, both teams displaying real rough and tough basketball, C.C. emerged with six more points to their credit. St. Joe's only point during this time came on a charity toss by Hanpeter. McGraw ended the scoring for the half by hitting the net for his second long fielder of the game. Score, Catholic Central, 18; St. Joe, 10.

Hammond increased their score in the opening of the second half when Petrowski on the opening tipoff dribbled down

to make good his attempt, and Nalepa found the net on the econd play by putting in a neatly exected pivot shot. The remainder of the quarter and the final period proved to be a battle of longs, with St. Joe, however, ending on the short end of the score.

Petit lead the scoring for the Cardinals with four field goals, all of which were made in the last half. "Half Pint" McGraw ran a close second with three counters. C.C.'s high scoring honors were held by Petrowski, who hit for four baskets and a free throw. With seven charity tosses and one field goal to his name. Michaelewicz paced second.

The Junior Cardinals found the net for nine field goals out of thirty-five tries, while Catholic Central dropped in ten fielders out of forty-eight attempts.

St. Joseph's (22)

	B	F	P
Hanpeter, f	0	2	1
McGraw, f	3	0	1
Moorman, c	2	2	4
Petit, g	4	0	1
Thurin, g	0	0	2
Eder, f	0	0	1
Doyle, g	0	0	0
	9	4	11

Central (29)

	B	F	P
Michaelewicz, f	1	6	1
Petrowski, f	4	1	1
Cashman, c	2	0	2
Nalepa, g	1	1	3
Yocis, g	2	1	0
Ketowski, c	0	0	1
Bolinger, c	0	0	0
	10	9	8

Referee: A. Etter; Umpire: R. Etter.

St. Joe High School Swamps Mt. Ayr, 30-8
Manderbach And McGraw Star in Triumph

The Junior Cardinals got off to a flying start the other night and carried through to win easily against Mt. Ayr High School, a team inferior to them in every department of the game. The Saints were an improved quintet as they worked the ball neatly to score baskets almost at will against the Gold and Black from Mt. Ayr, whose clumsy defense was meat for the St. Joe cross-court game. The Juniors scored repeatedly, while their defense held the Mt. Ayr youngsters to a modicum of points.

A brace of swishers started things for St. Joe, with "Giggles" McGraw connecting from the field. "Mandy" Manderbach gave the St. Joe team impetus as he added to the count with several one-handers that were "honeys." Big Petit controlled the tip off for the Cards, and once in possession of the pill, the High School five did not relinquish their grip until a counter had been chalked up in their favor. They were far out in front when the gun ended the half.

In the second period St. Joe cracked the Mt. Ayr defense wide open. Mt. Ayr threatened to score several times, but each time they failed to pierce the Cardinal defense and had to be content with three scattered foul shots throughout the second half, while the Cardinal score mounted ever higher. In an effort to stem

the tide of baskets, Coach De Cook put his entire squad into the game, but even then the score kept growing, until the game ended in a massacre. When the final gun sounded, the Cardinal side of the scoreboard read 30, while the Mt. Ayr read — 8!

St. Joseph's (30)

	B	F	P
Moorman, f	2	0	2
Hanpeter, f	1	1	0
Manderbach, f	3	5	0
Voors, f	0	1	2
Petit, c	0	0	1
Thurin, g	0	0	2
McGraw, g	5	0	2
Murphy, g	0	0	0
Doyle, g	0	0	0
Sowar, g	0	0	1
Eder, g	1	1	1
Bubala, g	0	0	0
	12	6	11

Mt. Ayr (8)

	B	F	P
Beasy, f	1	0	2
Potts, f	0	0	0
Miller, f	0	0	3
Turner, c	0	0	4
Jenkins, g	1	2	3
Cyphers, g	0	2	0
Brown, g	0	0	0
Thompson, g	0	0	3
	2	4	15

Referee: A. Etter; Umpire: R. Etter.

High School Loses Second Contest to C. C. of Hammond, 16-10

In a low scoring contest, Catholic Central of Hammond defeated the St. Joe Junior Cardinals for the second time this season. Neither team uncorked anything to be proud of with regard to hitting the hoop. Both troupes muffed

myriad scoring opportunities, and the encounter ended to the low tune of a 16-10 score.

The Cards found the net for only three baskets in the entire game. They could possibly have won if they had not

SPORTS

been so deficient on free throw conversions; out of nine gift shots they sank only four.

Petrowski, captain of the Hammond team, led his teammates to victory by sinking three field goals and a free throw conversion. Second place for scoring

points on the Central team went to Bolinger, who pumped in two fielders.

St. Joe's counters came through the efforts of Ed Manderbach, who located the net for two goals and a charity toss, and of Hanpeter, who hung up a total of four points, a basket and two free throws.

St. Joseph's High (10)

	B	F	P
Moorman, f	0	0	1
McGraw, f	0	0	0
Hanpeter, c	1	2	0
Petit, g	0	0	1
Thurin, g	0	1	0
Eder, g	0	0	1
Manderbach, f	2	1	1
Doyle, g	0	0	1
	3	4	5

Catholic Central (16)

	B	F	P
Kwatowske, f	0	0	3
Cashman, f	0	0	2
Bolinger, c	2	0	0
Moser, g	1	1	1
Kona, g	0	0	0
Michaelewicz, g	0	0	1
Nalepa, f	1	0	0
Petrowski, c	3	1	1
Piatek, g	0	0	1
Yocis, g	0	0	0
	7	2	9

Referee: Hetreck; Umpire: Blot.





HUMOR



Hutter, while waiting for the next dance: "Here comes the parson. I wonder if he means to join us."

She: "Wouldn't it be advisable to propose first?"

Bill had a billboard: he also had a board bill.

The board bill bored Bill,

So Bill sold the billboard

To pay his board bill.

After Bill sold his billboard

To pay his board bill,

The board bill no longer bored Bill.

The blacksmith was instructing a novice in the correct manner of treating a horseshoe.

Blacksmith: "I'll bring the shoe from the fire and lay it on the anvil. When I nod my head you hit it with the hammer."

The apprentice did as he was told, but he never hit another blacksmith.

Gus Bubala: "Hey Eddie, what is an actor?"

Big Brother Eddie: "An actor, Gus, is a man who can walk to the side of the stage, peer into the wings filled with theatrical props, dirt and dust, other actors, stage hands, old clothes, and other claptrap, and say, 'What a lovely view there is from this window!'"

Sympathetic Bystander: "Why are you crying, my little man?"

Small Boy: "Boo, hoo! my brother has holidays and I don't."

Sympathetic Bystander: "And why don't you have holidays?"

Small Boy: "Cause I don't go to school yet."

Officer: "You say that you were held up and robbed last night? At what time was it?"

Kuebler: "Five minutes to one."

Officer: "What makes you so certain of the time?"

Kuebler: "I was where I could see the clock on the city hall, and I noticed that its hands were in exactly the same position as my own."

Mistress: "Jane, you informed me a while ago that you were going to have a little sleep."

Jane: "Yes, Madam."

Mistress: "Then what were you doing at the garden gate when the soldiers passed?"

Jane: "Having forty winks."

Sheils: "Does the giraffe get a sore throat if he gets his feet wet?"

Scheiber: "Yes, but not until the next week."

Be Loyal
To our
Advertisers

Patronize Them!
If They Are Kind Enough
To Help Us
Let Us Be Kind Enough
To Help Them

• **Ritz** •

March 15 - 16 - 17

"THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND"

with

Warner Baxter

Gloria Stuart

Claude Gillingwater

Arthur Byron

Harry Carey

March 22 - 23 - 24

Jeanette McDonald

Nelson Eddy

in

"ROSE MARIE"

A Musical Romance

Never to be forgotten!

COMING ATTRACTIONS

FOR THE RITZ and PALACE

"THE ROBINHOOD OF ELDORADO"

"CEILING ZERO"

"ANYTHING GOES"

"WIFE vs. SECRETARY"

"KLONDIKE ANNIE"

**"TRAIL OF THE
LONESOME PINE"**
(All in Colors)

"CAPTAIN JANUARY"

"COUNTRY DOCTOR"

THE COLLEGE SHOE SHOP

Expert Shoe Rebuilding

Between City Hall and Palace Theatre

H. G. ABBETT CO.

Officer: "Now tell me what is your idea of strategy?"

O'Riley: "It's when you're out of ammunition, but keep right on firing."

RENSSELAER X-RAY LABORATORY

X-RAY Photographs — X-RAY Treatment

I. M. Washburn, M. D.

C. E. Johnson, M. D.

SEE

BROTHER DAVID

BARBER SHOP

TOBACCONIST

●
HOTEL

HOOSIER INN

●

State Bank of Rensselaer

Some are larger

None is better

Few as good

SAFETY FIRST IS OUR MOTTO

Teyber: "We're going to move soon."
Morrissey: "How do you know?"
Teyber: "I broke one of our windows
and mother never said a word."

Remember Mother's Birthday
"Say It With Flowers"

HOLDEN'S GREENHOUSE

Phone 426

THE MORRELL PRINTERY

Fine Printing and Embossing

Cards and Stationery

Over A. & P. Store

Judge (to witness): "Have you ever seen this prisoner at the bar before?"

Danehy: "Never, Your Honor. But I've often seen him when I strongly suspected he'd been at it."

Iroquois Roller Mills

Phone 456

Manufacturers of hard and soft Wheat flour
Buck-wheat, Graham, Rye, and Pancake Flours
We Specialize in Poultry Feeds

Mack & Company

BOTTLERS

OF

COCA COLA AND FINE SODA WATERS

EVERY BOTTLE STERILIZED

Manufacturers of

PURE ICE CREAM AND ICES

It's A Food

MONON, INDIANA

BUY YOUR FOOTWEAR

AT

Miller-Jones Company

Rensselaer, Indiana.

GOOD THINGS

Fresh from the Oven

at

O'RILEY'S BAKERY

Prof: "If your mother gave you a large apple and a small one and told you to divide with your brother, which apple would you give him?"

Firestone: "D'ye mean my big brother or my little one?"



The Tavern Brew



The Beer

Lafayette Brewery Inc.

Lafayette, Ind.

FORD'S BARBER SHOP

We

Appreciate Your Patronage

and

Hope To Please You Always

Greeting Cards

for

all Occasions

COLLEGE BOOK STORE

Wholesale Candies

at the

Rensselaer Candy Company

Phone 625 White

Rensselaer, Indiana

Conductor: "Did you get home all right last night, sir?"

Diener: "Of course: why do you ask?"

Conductor: "Well, when you got up and gave the lady your seat last night, you were the only two in the car."

SHORT

ORDERS

STUCK'S

Sandwich Shop

24-Hour Service

LUNCHES

SANDWICHES

*When you buy
it at Penney's
It's right —*

In Price
In Quality
In Style

Shop at Penney's



SHERMAN
BLEND
& exquisite
COFFEE

QUID DECUS
VERUMATQUE

FRESH ROASTED DAILY AT
CHICAGO AND BROOKLYN

JOHN **SEXTON** & CO.
Coffee Merchants for Over 50 Years

Grevenkamp: "I see where a Western woman is able to shoot a coin right out of her husband's fingers."

Lux: "Well, isn't that the limit? They're bound to get it one way or another, aren't they?"

Charles Halleck
Abraham Halleck

ATTORNEYS and COUNSELLORS
AT LAW

Phone 56
Rensselaer, Indiana

Dr. E. F. Sutherland

DENTIST

Murray Building

OFFICE
623A

HOME
623D

Come to the

RALEIGH CLUB

for

Pool

Billiards

Ping-Pong

Dr. A. G. Catt

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

Eyes examined, glasses fitted, repair department

Phone 232

First Floor of Schaeffer Bldg.

S. W. Corner Washington and Van Rensselaer Streets.

WARNER HARDWARE

Electrical Supplies

STOVES — RADIOS

Phone 61

BEER

Popular Brands

Delivered Promptly

I. H. RILEY

Phone 60

DR. F. A. TURFLER

A Straight Backbone
Works Better Than a Crooked One

Murray Building
Phone 300

Magistrate (to man accused of begging): "What have you to say?"

Jones: "It wasn't my fault, sir. I just held out my hand to see if it was raining, and the gent dropped a penny into it."

COLLEGE SWEETE SHOPPE

Welcomes You

at

Any Time

**Let Us Write Your
BONDS AND INSURANCE**

**C. J. Dean & Son
Odd Fellows Building
It's Right if We Write It**

Callahan & Kanne

The Place To Buy Your

C O A L

Phone 273

Open House

at

Anthes Cafe

Open All Night

Next to Palace Theatre

**F
O
O
D**

**F
O
U
N
T
A
I
N**

PLAY BALL

with

**St. Joe
Students**

OUR ADVERTISERS

**Patronize
Them**

Dr. Harve Hemphill

Office 104

Res. 134

Dentist

Over Fendig's Drug Store

H. and H. Pharmacy

Drugs — Prescriptions — Sodas

— Philco Radios —

— Stationery —

North Side of Court House

**LARSH & HOPKINS
DRUG STORE**

Complete Line of Drugs

South side Washington St.
Across from
Wright's Restaurant

Wife: "I suppose you've been to see
a sick friend—holding his hand all eve-
ning?"

Husband: "If I'd been holding his
hand, I would have made some money."

SOFT DRINKS

CANDY

ICE CREAM

GOOD EATS

SMOKES

CHEERFUL SERVICE

ST. JOE BOYS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME

Wright's Restaurant

• • •
MURRAY'S

Department Store

• • •

DR. W. L. GRANT

DENTIST

Over A. & P. Store

Office 235

Res. 623D

EASTMAN KODAKS

—

SPALDING SPORTING GOODS

**Forty-Five Years as
HEADQUARTERS FOR SCHOOL SUPPLIES**

We Know The Wants of Teacher and Pupil

Fendig's Rexall Drug Store

Phone 67

Vince Shank (bashful country lad):
"You see, we've gone into truck farming."

Jones (the encyclopediac): "You can't
kid me. You don't raise trucks. They
come from a factory."

CLARKE

THE JEWELER

Where Quality and Service count

Watch Repairing a Specialty

Eat at
SIP & BITE
CONEY ISLANDS
Lunches — Good Coffee

Policeman: "Didn't you hear me call you to stop?"

Trame: "I didn't know it was you, Officer; I thought it was someone I'd run over."

THIS SPACE IS
Reserved for the
COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

■ — ■
Has
Equipment for all sports

KANNE'S CAFE

Dinners — Specials
BILLIARDS AND BOWLING
BEER FOR REFRESHMENT

Al. Kanne, Prop.

College Side Restaurant

For Your
LUNCH AND REAL BEER

JAMES JONAS, Prop.

Prof: "Now give me a definition of space?"

Ormsby: "Space is where there is nothing. I can't explain it exactly, but I got it in my head all right."

J. A. GRANT & SON

— Hauling —

Local and Long Distance

Rensselaer, Indiana
